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RITA MARTIN.

THE HON. CLARE WINGFIELD.

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THE Journal for all interested in
Country Life and Country Pursuits.

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Owls (Thomas Ratcliffe); The Falls of Tummel (H. W. Burnup).

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LOOKING BACK.

ON the last day of this year retrospection has more than the usual interest, and it is more complicated in character. The year 1910 must be a historical landmark, if for nothing else, because it marked the end of the brief and happy reign of King Edward VII. He was not on the throne for quite a decade, but during that period he proved himself one of the most tactful, considerate and politic Sovereigns of his own or any other time. At a later date, perhaps, we shall more fully know the details of the great part he played in his chosen and worthy task of maintaining peace. Looking back has always its complementary attitude of looking forward, and the obsequies of one King marked the advent of another. King George V. opened his reign with the auguries all in his favour. Peace and prosperity have, so far, been unclouded, and the King himself, though subjected, as every monarch is on his attainment to Royal dignity, to "the fierce light that beats upon a throne," has visibly advanced in the esteem and affection of his subjects, so that there is every reason to believe that after he has filled his august position as long as his father did he will have proved himself no unworthy descendant. On politics the effect of King Edward's death was to produce a hush between two battling armies. In January there had been a bitterly-contested General Election, and it was anticipated that the year would have been one of storm and stress in the world of politics. But the adversaries practically laid down their weapons. The Prime Minister proposed that an attempt should be made to settle the point of most acrimonious difference by a friendly conference between the rival parties. It was a new experiment, and those who took into consideration that the example of Great Britain has always a pronounced effect on the Continent very much regret that, after prolonged deliberation, it was found that agreement was impossible. Nevertheless, the conference has not been held in vain. It has not only brought to clear definition the points of disagreement, but also the concessions which either party is willing to make. Under the circumstances, however,

Mr. Asquith thought it best to appeal to the public, with the result that we have witnessed the almost unprecedented occurrence of two General Elections within twelve months. The result of the polls is too recent to call for comment. Perhaps it is as well that such a period of calm as the Christmas holidays afford should have intervened between the electoral struggle and any attempt that may be made to settle the points at issue. The interval, at any rate, has supplied opportunity for calm deliberation on both sides. We can only trust that Conservative and Liberal alike will do their best to lay aside the prejudices and the animosities of party and concentrate their energies on the endeavour to find a solution that will strengthen, and not impair, the constitution of this country. It has weathered many gales in the past, and, although it would be mere decadence to oppose any and every sort of change, the spirit of our history is all against new and violent experiments.

In foreign politics the reign of King George might be described, in a phrase made familiar during the elections, as "no change." There have been the usual crops of rumour, but the European situation in its essentials remains very much what it was at the time of King Edward's death. Home politics at present furnish so many thorny subjects that we prefer in the pages of an uncontroversial journal to pass them without comment. What, perhaps, is more important is the fact that great economic changes have been steadily going on in Great Britain. One of the most significant of them is the general advance in prices. Many explanations have been offered for it, and probably the solution is to be found in the working of all of them and not exclusively in one. Thus the quantity of gold has been largely increased of recent years, and it is apparent that if gold increases its purchasing power must diminish. On the other hand, no doubt there has been a vast increase in the number of customers and a move upward in the general standard of living. These two things working together have, no doubt, had the effect of making food dearer. The fact is of importance, because it must not be forgotten that in the rural districts of England we are still in the middle of a great experiment. The process of parcelling out the land in small holdings is still in its initial stage, and those who hail it as a success are probably shouting before they are out of the wood. It will take at least a quarter of a century to test the principles of cultivation that are now being adopted. There are two conditions that have to be fulfilled before success is attained. The first is that small plots of land should be made to yield a livelihood to those who cultivate them. This, of course, will be helped to a considerable degree by the increased price obtainable for foodstuffs. If the cheapness that prevailed in the late eighties and early nineties of last century had continued, it would obviously have been impossible for men to grow on a few acres crops that would yield a livelihood. The chances of success for small holdings lies in a decrease in the abundance of food. The other point is that the small holders must be content with the incomes they are able to obtain from the soil. These cannot, in the nature of the case, be large, and the small holder will be contented only if he finds in the health and simplicity of rural life a greater recompense than could be found in amassing money. The difficulty is that higher standards of comfort and new tastes for luxury may interfere with the innocent enjoyment which is the highest reward of country life.

No review of the year in these pages would be complete without at least a glance at the sport of 1910. It was remarkable, among other things, for the holding of the Vienna Exhibition. The capital of Austria is the centre of a sporting nation, and it was most interesting to find collected in it trophies won in the distant forests and mountains of the world, often obtained after much courageous effort. At home the year cannot be described as favourable to outdoor sport. It had its good moments, but we might say of it as was said of poor Ophelia: "Too much of water had'st thou." Our English game-birds and our English beasts do not thrive well in times of excessive moisture, and among the blessings that 1911 has in store we hope that a long spell of dry weather is included.

Our Portrait Illustration.

A PORTRAIT of the Hon. Clare Wingfield forms our frontispiece to-day. The Hon. Clare Wingfield is the second daughter of the seventh Viscount Powerscourt, and sister of the present Viscount. Her engagement to Captain the Hon. Claude Chichester is announced.

. It is particularly requested that no permissions to photograph houses, gardens, or livestock on behalf of COUNTRY LIFE be granted except when direct application is made from the offices of the paper. When such requests are received the Editor would esteem the kindness of readers if they would forward the correspondence at once to him.



COUNTRY NOTES

LAST week we addressed our readers on Christmas Eve; to-night is the eve of the New Year. In the Northern part of this island it is called "Hogmanay," a word of obscure history, which is apparently of French origin. As early as 1680 it is noted that "among some plebeians in the South of Scotland" there is a custom "to go about from door to door on New Year's Eve crying 'Hagmaney.'" The old custom has fallen into desuetude now, although in the memory of many who are not yet old children used to go from door to door singing rhymes appropriate to the occasion and asking for their hogmanay. The gist of the verses in use is given in the single couplet: "We are little children come to play, So please hand out your hogmanay." The celebration of the passing of the Old Year is essentially Scottish in character. Instead of reflecting and mourning over the mistakes and losses of the previous twelve months the typical Scot, on December 31st, flings aside his usual reserve and goes in for a boisterous merriment that is not at all like anything in his conduct during the rest of the year.

Most of us have a tendency to cast up the books, as it were, on New Year's Eve, but, perhaps, on the whole, it is wiser to let the past be past, and to look boldly out into the future. The New Year, 1911, arrives under very favourable auspices. There is every prospect that business will prosper and do well. At any rate, the boom of the past year cannot be exhausted and, probably, has not yet reached its highest point. Affairs abroad and at home are in a fairly comfortable and quiet condition. There are labour troubles, but, like the poor, these are always with us, and they do not look more threatening just now than at other times. It is best to regard the New Year, then, as affording opportunity for rectifying the mistakes of the twelve months that have gone and of consolidating their successes. That our readers may find in it the happiness that comes from work well done or leisure fairly earned is our sincere wish.

Alas that we should have to write it, there are many people in these islands who will never be able to think of the Christmas of 1910 without a shudder. Many a Yuletide has witnessed a sore disaster, but none has equalled this one. Every stage of it has brought with it a deed of horror, and the daily papers issued on December 26th were filled with records of, or allusions to, the saddest fatalities. They told of the suspects now in prison on a charge of murdering policemen; of the miners dead and entombed in the Pretoria coal-mine; of a number of schoolgirls returning from a party and killed at a level crossing; and, worst of all, of the terrible disaster on the Midland Railway, surely the saddest, cruellest, most horrible mishap in the annals of the steam engine. Imagination hides its terrified face before the picture of that sorry opening of Christmas Eve on a wild Yorkshire moor and passengers who set out intent on holiday burned by this accident as remorselessly as though they had been martyrs at the stake. The accident was as terrible as the fall of the Tay Bridge.

The spirit in which the sentence pronounced upon two English officers found guilty of espionage in Germany has been received leaves nothing to be desired. Two zealous members

of the British Service let their zeal, to some extent, outrun their discretion. They did so with a full knowledge of what the consequences might be, and were unquestionably actuated by patriotic feeling. The very same thing might easily happen here with Germans or other countrymen; in fact, the recent case of Lieutenant Helm is comparable with the present one. No doubt the two men were influenced by the importance of those German islands of the North Sea which were so vividly described in Mr. Erskine Childers's novel, "The Riddle of the Sands," published about seven years ago. One of the characters in that work is made to say: "In the event of war it seems to me that every inch of it"—he is referring chiefly to the fifty odd miles that stretch from Borkum to Wangeroog—"would be important, sand and all." It is common knowledge that other European countries have taken particular care to draw up detailed maps and collect information about the British Islands, and that some of our officers should try to do the same thing on the Continent is no more than what might be expected. The Germans themselves recognise this, and such comment as has appeared in their newspapers is, on the whole, broad-minded and not unsympathetic.

A long step forward was taken at the Head-masters' Conference when it was resolved by a majority of twenty-nine votes to fourteen that "the needs of the public schools would be best met by a differentiation of faculties—and, if possible, of degrees—at Oxford and Cambridge, and by the retention of Greek as a necessary preliminary to some, but not all of these." Compulsory Greek must be offensive to all who take a broad view of education. We yield to none in high estimation of the value of Greek scholarship, but, at the same time, it must be recognised that there are many minds which can only acquire it by years of barren and useless grinding; even then it is an acquisition only to be forgotten as soon as the business of life is taken up. To compel men whose interests and talents all point in a contrary direction to study Greek as a preliminary to, say, a career in science is an absurdity. That the University should recognise this has become a matter of high importance, because the school curriculum will always be founded upon their decision. The matter is not one that concerns only the personal liking or disliking of either University, but the whole island.

OH HO RO!

A HIGHLAND CRADLE SONG.

Oh ho ro, oh ho ro, iriri golo!
The great bell is ringing first to and then fro,
The New Year is coming, the Old has to go,
Oh ho ro, oh ho ro, iriri golo!

One, two—hark it striking, oh just let it go,
Oh ho ro, oh ho ro, iriri golo!
Three and four fade away, but they cannot harm you,
Ah ding-dong, ah ding-dong, ah ding-dong Baloo.

Five, six, seven and eight, how they chime o'er the snow,
Oh ho ro, oh ho ro, iriri golo!
Nine, ten and eleven, they beat a tattoo
Ah ding-dong, ah ding-dong, ah ding-dong Baloo.

Twelve booms, the year dies, the bonfires all glow,
Oh ho ro, oh ho ro, iriri golo!
The New Year has come, and is bending o'er you,
Ah ding-dong, ah ding-dong, ah ding-dong Baloo.

Be it sun, be it snow, be it weal, be it woe,
Oh ho ro, oh ho ro, iriri golo!
What God thinks is best, He'll send to us two,
Ah ding-dong, ah ding-dong, ah ding-dong Baloo.

C. H. M. JOHNSTONE.

Mr. J. J. Gratrex, who is editor of the "Concise Tithe Table," has issued for 1911 a forecast of the tithe, which may be taken as practically accurate. When he wrote he had the corn averages before him for all but two weeks of the year, so that he only exercised his powers of prophecy on a single fortnight, during which there is no likelihood of prices becoming violently disturbed. We may therefore assume that his figures are correct. They show an advance of 11s. 5d. on the previous year; put in another way, the tithe rent charged for 1911 will be £70 19s. 1d. This is a very great advance on the state of things that prevailed in the nineties, but we can scarcely blame the owners of tithes if they refuse to consider it satisfactory. After all, if one's grandfather bought stock at £100 and it became worth in the hands of his grandson only £71, there would not be much cause for exaltation, especially if the father who came between the two had found his stock worth as much as £120. Nevertheless, the tithe-owner may be comforted. Since it turned a corner his stock has been steadily improving in value,

and there is every prospect that it will continue to do so. Probably the consumer of food, however, is not so very enthusiastically desirous of seeing the prices of wheat return to what they were in 1837.

It is very appropriate that the ornithological collections of Mr. Boyd Alexander should be presented to the Natural History Museum at South Kensington. He died intestate; but it was his wish that this should be done, and it has been respected. There are about four thousand African birds, and among them many that are rare and curious. In his first journey to the Cape Verd Islands in 1897 Mr. Boyd Alexander found a curious lark which belongs to the desert island of Raza, an island that occupies a space of only three square miles. The bird has, therefore, a smaller habitat than the St. Kilda wren. The desert lark, the Cape Verd shearwater, the white-breasted frigate petrel and Harcourt's storm petrel were all collected in this journey. In the Zambesi he collected about a thousand bird skins, representing two hundred and twelve species. In the Relief of Kumassi he was accompanied by José Lopez, his Portuguese collector, who formed several collections during the operations, and subsequently, when Alexander was sent with a column of Hausas to Gambaga, he added very considerably to them. From 1904 to 1907 he was in the Alexander-Gosling Expedition, which crossed Africa from the Niger to the Nile, and there obtained about twenty-nine new species of birds, as well as the okapi, which was shot by José Lopez in the Welle Forest. The collection forms a very valuable addition to the treasures of the Natural History Museum at South Kensington.

An Atlantic record is set up by the *Mauretania*, which has performed the feat of making the double trans-Atlantic journey in 12 days 4 hours 39 minutes. No attempt was made during the voyage to lower the record between ports; but the *Mauretania* only stayed 41 hours in New York instead of the usual five days. It is an event that seems to bring us appreciably nearer the time when it will be possible to spend a week-end at the other side of the Atlantic. All the same, some of us who are not in such a violent hurry will find reasons for taking a little more time. The trans-Atlantic steamer of the present day has been very properly described as a floating island. It is fitted with every contrivance to make the journey easy and pleasant, and, usually, the busy man can find plenty of employment for the few days that it takes to cross. He has many things to write and a few to read. If the rate of progression be moderate, he is able to do all this with as much comfort as if he were sitting in his own library; but where there is excessive speed there must also be excessive vibration, and vibration is fatal to that absolute steadiness which makes writing and kindred things possible. Of course, there are many cases in which speed is a paramount object, and in pointing out that there is comfort as well as luck in leisure, we are not in any way wishing to undervalue the great achievement of those who are responsible for the *Mauretania*.

Even after the many Polar expeditions, some of them eminently successful, which have been already made, the question still seems open for discussion by those who have had the best means of coming to a conclusion, whether ponies or dogs form the best mode of conveyance over the Antarctic ice. Dr. Nansen has given his valuable verdict in favour of the dog. On the other hand, it will be remembered that Sir Ernest Shackleton's ponies did very valiant work, and had they not insisted on feasting, not wisely but too well, on volcanic sand or some such unsustaining viand, it is possible that that brave explorer might actually have reached the South Pole. The obvious point which strikes even those who look on from the temperate zones at these exploits is that the food of the dog may be found as the expedition goes along, for seal, and sometimes penguins, are numerous as far as there is any open water, but the food of the herbivorous horse must be carried along. There is no haymaking in that land. It never seems to be suggested that the reindeer, the horse of the Laplander, should be tried. Dr. Grenfell, in his highly successful importation of the reindeer into Labrador, was much influenced by the ferocity of the native sleigh-dogs, which generally took an annual toll of a man or two; but the Arctic explorers probably choose their dogs carefully, and do not seem to have this trouble.

The reindeer originally imported into Labrador, together with a Laplander family to look after them and to teach the natives how to care for them and to use them, have not only justified their introduction, but have very much increased in number, and this not from their own inter-breeding so much as from breeding with the native reindeer, there called caribou.

This experiment, indeed, of taking the reindeer into Labrador is rather analogous to the carriage of coal to Newcastle, for the caribou, which is really the same animal as the reindeer, is in countless numbers still in the great hinterland of the Labrador coast fringe, which is all that the sealers and fishermen inhabit. But if ever the Indians of Labrador did possess the art of domesticating the caribou and using it as a draught animal it has been entirely lost. Dogs are the native draught animals. So far as practical purposes were concerned Dr. Grenfell introduced a new animal to Labrador when he brought in these reindeer. That they should increase and multiply with the help of the native wild stock is none the less satisfactory because it is not at all surprising.

Last week we pointed out what a very feeble attempt the Board of Agriculture are making to deal with the rat difficulty. They issued a leaflet which was not nearly so thorough as that sent out by the Local Government Board. Since then facts have been published which tend to deepen the importance of this task of dealing with the rats, and it ought to be the business of the Board of Agriculture to take the matter in hand. They have not recognised fully their responsibility. Before there was any talk of plague it was pointed out how intensely destructive these little animals are, and how costly they are to the farmers. If prompt and active measures had been taken a few years ago there would have been no cause for the alarm that now exists; but investigation goes to show that the trouble has been under-estimated rather than otherwise. Rats with the plague flea have been killed over a widely-extended area, and specialists say that the only reason why more deaths have not occurred among human beings is that, so far, the occurrence has been confined to sparsely-populated rural areas. The Board of Agriculture are not conducting any investigation for the simple reason that there is not a bacteriologist in their employment. When Parliament meets we hope that some attempt will be made to get at the weakness of this important public department, and to find out how it can be strengthened for the work devolving upon its shoulders.

NEW YEAR RESOLUTIONS.

The clock chimes out, the old year's dead:
I'll take me soberly to bed
And make my vows, nor e'er be led
From them to waver.
Never again with craven soul
And faltering putt I'll lip the hole,
That might have reached the promised goal
Had I been braver.
Never again with puckered brow
Will I pursue the why, the how
I missed it then and hit it now.
But my two eyes on
The ball I'll resolutely glue,
Nor lift them all too soon to view
That small white speck against the blue
On the horizon.
The vulgar oaths of weaker men
Shall ne'er profane my lips again:
The fates may do their worst and then
Unmoved shall find me.
I will not vent my paltry spleen
Upon the unresisting green
Nor on the boy of scarce thirteen
Who stirred behind me.
Yet as I close my blinking eyes
And dream of that green paradise
To which, 'neath soft, grey winter skies
I shall be woken,
Taught by a sad experience
I half distrust the future tense:
How many vows, twelve hours hence
Will he unbroken?

B. D.

It is only too obvious what a loss of insect and of small animal life must accompany such extensive and prolonged floods as those under which much of the country has lain for a considerable part of December. But it is not so often realised that the fish themselves suffer a good deal of loss, too, from the overabundance of their own element. The statement is sometimes read that they are carried down by the force of the flood into the sea, or into unknown places, and are thus lost: but it is very hard to believe in this helplessness of the fish against a strong flow of water when we see, in these very times of flood, big salmon ascending the big falls and little trout surmounting dams which, relatively to their own size, are even more formidable

than those which the big salmon jump. It is not because of any physical helplessness to contend with the rush of water that so many fish are lost in a flood, but, much more probably, because the landmarks are obliterated, the rivers over-pass their banks and the fish, possibly confused by the thickness and

opacity of the mud-laden water, do not distinguish the true bed of the river. They wander over the submerged country beside the river-bed, and when the quickly-falling water retires they are first caught in the pools which are left and are finally stranded. That is their story.

BIG GAME SHOOTING, 1910.

AS the years pass by and the hunting-grounds of the world become more easy of access and unexplored areas are rapidly exploited, the making of new records in the size of trophies of the chase becomes more and more difficult. From many countries comes the cry that the game is being killed off and that there are very few good heads left. It is only during the last five-and-twenty years that the desire for obtaining record heads has grown to be one of the principal motives of an expedition to the outlying parts of the earth. In former times the sportsman went to the Rocky Mountains, to Kashmir or to unknown Africa for the sake of the expedition itself, he derived great pleasure from the exploration of new country and the observation and pursuit of animals whose flesh enabled him to subsist during a lengthy stay in the land of the large game. Incidentally, if the difficulties of transport were not too great, he brought out the best of his trophies to serve as an ornament to his house and a memento of pleasant days spent in the wilds, but with little thought of how they would compare in measurement with the trophies of another hunter who might have wandered through the same country.

There can be no doubt that the competition for heads of large measurement has already had a very damaging effect upon the game. It has led a great many men into the wilderness who were not qualified to appreciate the beauties of Nature, disliked the life of the hunting-camp, with its unavoidable discomforts, and who had no other object in view than the obtaining of large heads in the shortest possible time, looking upon their trophies simply as a reward for enduring a certain amount of hardship. Such men, especially at the beginning of their careers, have little power of judging the size of horns carried by a living animal, and frequently kill small beasts which they leave to rot on the ground, despised as "not worth killing." Even the legitimate shooting of animals bearing big heads in a much-travelled country means that no male of any species is allowed to reach the age at which he would naturally produce his maximum growth of horn. This has happened already in the case of the American wapiti, and is happening at an alarming pace to the larger African antelopes.

Taking these facts into consideration, we may look back upon the closing year with satisfaction from a trophy



ASIATIC ROEBUCK.

he has already spent too many months in a stronghold of the dreadful disease. Another interesting event is the discovery of a new antelope, the mountain nyala, by Messrs. Ivor Buxton and M. C. Albright during a journey in Abyssinia. A specimen has been given by Mr. Buxton to the Natural History Museum, where it has been placed in the collection and described by the authorities as *Tragelaphus Buxtoni*. Africa still attracts the

greatest number of sportsmen, on account of the abundance and variety of the game to be met with in the course of a comparatively easy expedition. The present year saw the conclusion of Mr. Roosevelt's journey; but he has given us such an interesting and exhaustive account of his bag that it is needless here to do any more than state the fact. A great deal of game has been killed by the numerous parties shooting in East Africa, a specimen of the bongo killed in the Mau Forest by the Hon. G. Grey being, perhaps, the most interesting trophy after the two records above mentioned. Some fine buffalo were also



MR. VANDERBYL'S BARASINGH.

killed, and it appears that the best heads now come from East Africa. They do not, however, approach in size to the measurements of the Cape buffalo of the early days, offering another example of the degeneracy of modern heads due to the excessive shooting of well-grown bulls.

H.R.H. the Duke of Connaught killed a good black-maned lion, as also did the Hon. W. E. Guinness, while Mr. F. J. Watson-Tyler is credited with an elephant's tusk weighing one hundred and fifty-nine pounds. In the Soudan Lord and Lady Sefton killed some good elephants, and Captain P. M. Dove shot a white rhinoceros with a front horn measurement of forty-one inches, probably the best head killed since the early days of South Africa, where the white rhino is nearly extinct. Here is still another illustration of the falling off in the size of heads, as we find this best modern horn of white rhino to be twenty-one and a-half inches shorter than a horn obtained in the time of Gordon-Cuming. In Bahr-el-Ghazal Mr. G. Blaine killed an eland (*Taurotragus derbianus gigas*) closely approaching record size, and in Kordofan a white oryx (*Oryx leucoryx*) of forty-five inches, an actual record for length, but a little smaller in circumference than two other heads killed in the same district in former years. In Senegambia Mr. F. Owen secured a large variety of good specimens, many of which he has presented to the Natural History Museum.

From Asia there has been little news of special interest to big-game-shooters during 1910, and it is remarkable that so few sportsmen are attracted by hunting-grounds that offer ideal conditions for good sport. An open, mountainous country and a sharp-eyed quarry call for qualities of perseverance and endurance and a knowledge of the habits of game that are less needful in districts where animals are plentiful and more easy of access. The most notable Asiatic head of the year is Mr. P. B. Vanderbyl's barasingh, quite the best that has been

also a Thian Shan wapiti. Mr. P. Haig Thomas shot three specimens of Pallas's tur (*Capra cylindricornus*) in the Caucasus, one of which carried a head of forty inches.

It is evident that the red deer imported into New Zealand still maintain their splendid heads, as Mr. P. F. Hadow has brought home some trophies killed during the present year which stand close to the top of the list of New Zealand heads in



CAPTAIN RADCLYFFE'S FREAK MOOSE.

measurement. It must, of course, be remembered that fresh blood is still supplied annually to this colony from the celebrated herd at Warnham Court.

In the way of Arctic sport, the most enterprising expedition of the year was that undertaken by three Austrians, Counts Ernest and Charles Hoyos and Dr. Ludwig von Lorenz of the Imperial Museum at Vienna. They visited the East Coast of Greenland in a Norwegian vessel with the principal object of finding musk oxen. None was found as expected on the actual shore-line; but in the course of a three days' journey inland a band of fourteen was discovered. Some good heads were secured and four young musk oxen were taken alive, two of which are, by latest accounts, thriving in the Emperor of Austria's Zoological Gardens at Schönbrunn. These young animals were about fifteen months of age when captured, and no calves of the present year were seen with the band. Polar bear were found to be plentiful among the ice of the East Coast. A party of Spaniards also killed Polar bear, walrus and Spitzbergen reindeer in the course of a summer voyage to the Arctic Sea, and Sir Robert Harvey and Mr. H. Hunt shot some good reindeer in Norway.

In North America the year has been marked by an increase of game in some districts, a satisfactory proof that the enforcement of reasonable game laws may still save the wild animals from extinction even in countries where the advance of civilisation threatens destruction to the beasts of the forest. In Nova Scotia a large number of moose were killed in a country where absolute protection was

found necessary for a long term of years, and in the Kootenay district, just to west of the Rocky Mountains, some good heads were obtained during the short season in which it was made lawful to kill moose for the first time in five years. In the Cassiar district of British Columbia, on the edge of the great northern wilderness in which the game is absolutely safe for many years to come, sixteen shooting licences were issued and the following animals



MR. VANDERBYL'S BARASINGH.

brought from Kashmir for many years. It is less than an inch shorter than the known record, and has twelve points evenly distributed. Colonel C. B. Wood killed a really fine roebuck in the Thian Shan with an exceptional length of horn, besides getting some good ibex. Major A. D. Gardyne, shooting in the same district, also did well with the ibex, killed a fine Karelini sheep, one of the confusing sub-species of the *Ovis ammon*, and

were killed: Eighteen moose, thirty-eight caribou, twenty-eight sheep (*Ovis Stonei*), thirty goats, twenty grizzly bear and three black bear.

In this particular district the results of the season's shooting are easily obtainable by the Gold Commissioner, as there is but one way out of the country, and any attempt to take out more trophies than the law permits is easily detected while the canoes which carry the hunters down the Stikine River are being loaded up. The remoteness of the district and the early coming of winter prevent the ordinary head-hunter from penetrating far into the interior. Only one trophy of unusual merit was killed, a caribou head secured by Mr. H. E. Sargent of Chicago, with a horn length of fifty-seven and three-quarter inches and twenty-eight points, of the same massive type as the head shot by Major Norrie on the same watershed a few years ago, and now to be seen in the Museum at South Kensington.

For an account of the year's sport on the Kenai Peninsula I am indebted to Captain C. E. Radclyffe, who has just returned from a shooting trip in Alaska with Prince Nicholas Ghika of Roumania. He reports that moose are more numerous than formerly, but during this season did not carry such good heads as usual owing to a very severe winter and late summer. There were only three English parties on the ground, all of whom killed their legal limit of two moose and three sheep to the licence. Sheep (*Ovis Dallii*) are still plentiful in spite of the destruction carried on by the employes of a railway company which is building a line from Valdez into the interior. There was little spring hunting for the large coast bear, which are reported by the

natives to be increasing along Cook's Inlet and the Alaskan Peninsula. No skin of unusual size was obtained this season. Captain Radclyffe brought back a remarkable moose head of sixty-six and a-half inches, which, under normal conditions, might have reached to a very wide span, but the horns are turned inwards, carrying an unusual amount of palmation, with nearly fifty points and a weight of eighty-five pounds.

The only other American head of uncommon size that has come under my notice is a really good specimen of *Ovis Nelsoni*, which I saw lying in Mr. Carl Lumboltz's camp near the mouth of the Colorado River last February. The Norwegian ethnologist had found time while studying the customs of the Papago and Cocopa Indians to visit the Pinacate Mountains in Sonora. If the head has escaped the vicissitudes of desert travel it will take a high place among the records for Mexican sheep.

It is only possible in a short article to touch roughly on the more prominent features of the year's big-game-shooting, prominent because they are brought to our knowledge in Europe by the personal narratives of our returning hunters and by the ready courtesy of Messrs. Rowland Ward and Co., who keep such a watchful eye on this particular branch of sport. But we must not forget that in the obscure corners of the world people of strange habits are still pursuing the wild game for the sake of food and clothing, without taking account of measurements, and heads are thrown away which, if officially measured, might cause material alterations in the white man's "Book of Records."

H. WARBURTON PIKE.

"MARIE-CLAIRE."

A YOUNG French seamstress, Marguerite Audoux by name, working for a mere pittance in a room so small she can hardly turn about in it without coming into collision with some object or another, finds herself threatened with blindness. The means by which she earns her livelihood is about to fail her. Her mind circles round this thought, approaches near to it again and again; she seeks a means of escape from it and finds it through her pen. She begins to write. What will she write, and how will she write, this young seamstress? The natural deduction, since she is writing not so much from the promptings of her imagination as from an attempt to empty her mind of its load of harassing thoughts, is that she will seek and find in the pages of the book of her own life matter for narration. The extraordinarily moving history of "Marie-Claire," following upon some short stories she has written, told with a simplicity that is almost childlike, and yet with a beauty of expression and a power of observation that speaks to the reader with an inexpressible appeal from every sentence, would seem to support this deduction. The story is one that must have been lived before it could have been written; it is a real voice, this voice of Marie-Claire that speaks to us with a wonderful simplicity that dispenses, with a natural appreciation of true values, with all but the essentials. This persuasion of a real history presented in the guise of fiction gives rise to considerable speculation as to whether, when coming to deal with creatures of imagination, Marguerite Audoux will retain that rare quality of restraint, that frugality of language, which makes this book so peculiarly lifelike in the telling.

But, to return, Marguerite Audoux has written her book; it has been read by Charles-Louis Philippe and by Francis Jourdain, who both think highly of it. Francis Jourdain finds occasion to speak of the author to Octave Mirbeau; asks him to read her romance. Octave Mirbeau reads it and is enchanted; he cannot find words enough to express his appreciation of its merits. His one desire is to share his happy find with the world; and, when the book is published, he it is who has written the preface to it.

With what is this story, by which the author has made so notable an impression, concerned? It is not merely with the emotions and thoughts of Marie-Claire between the ages of five and sixteen, but rather a faithful picture of a certain phase of French peasant life seen through the eyes of a child and a young girl, and painted by a woman for men and women.

The heroine of the story, Marie-Claire, when she is first introduced to us, is a child of about five years of age; the occasion is the death of her mother. A second tragedy swiftly follows the first, and almost immediately we see the child committed to a convent orphanage. Description of her appearance we have none, and this reticence obtains throughout the book—another suggestion that we are listening to a true story, for the unself-consciousness that would dictate this self-effacement is the very essence of the author's attitude towards her

readers. We are left to imagine Marie-Claire for ourselves, and this is the more remarkable and significant when we consider with what sure and keen powers of observation the author can call up a character for us in half-a-dozen words:

Le frère du fermier s'appelait Eugène; il parlait très peu, mais il regardait toujours ceux qui parlaient, et ses petits yeux avaient souvent l'air de se moquer.

Or, again, of M. Alphonse:

Il avait la peau jaune et les yeux luisants; on eût dit qu'il portait en lui un brasier qui pouvait le consumer d'un moment à l'autre.

The conventual life is presented to us with fidelity; in this simple relation of uneventful days there is no straining after effect. Each member of the little constricted community has a well-defined individuality of her own. This aptness of description and attempt to classify those with whom she came in contact is inherent and instinctive; it is betrayed to us in Marie-Claire's musings over the character of Madeleine:

Je savais depuis longtemps que Bonne Néron ressemblait à un taureau, mais il me fut impossible de trouver à quelle bête ressemblait Madeleine. J'y pensai pendant plusieurs jours en repassant dans ma tête le nom de toutes les bêtes que je connaissais, et je finis par y renoncer.

The little silent Marie-Claire is observant; she is childlike, lovable, devout, too. What more touching than the prayer to the Virgin for the handkerchief which was never to be found when wanted:

Sœur Marie-Aimée nous remettait un mouchoir propre contre le sale que nous jetions à terre devant elle. J'y pensais seulement à ce moment-là; alors je retournais toutes mes poches; je courais comme une folle dans les dortoirs, dans les couloirs, jusqu'au grenier; je cherchais partout. Mon Dieu! pourvu que je trouve un mouchoir! En passant devant la Vierge, je joignais les mains avec ferveur: "Mère admirable, faites que je trouve un mouchoir!"

Or, again, the pathos of the affair of the cripple Colette, who feared that her affliction would stand in the way of her ever marrying, on whom it was arranged to beseech the Virgin, by nine days of fasting and prayer, to perform a miracle of healing. The miracle was not performed, and the secret leaked out:

L'histoire de Colette fut bientôt connue de toute la maison; il y eut une tristesse générale qui empêcha les jeux d'être bruyants. Ma camarade Sophie me dit qu'il fallait se soumettre aux volontés de la Vierge, parce qu'elle savait mieux que nous ce qui convenait au bonheur de Colette.

The years flow by. Now we have coming to the forefront Marie-Aimée, that Sister who from the first has loved in a deep possessive fashion the little Marie-Claire. A beautiful, lovable and passionate woman, this nun, who had surely missed her vocation, drifts into a harmless *liaison* with the curé attached to the convent. Knowledge of the state of Sister Marie-Aimée's feelings towards the curé is brought to the notice of the Mother Superior about the same time that negotiations are in progress to find for Marie-Claire work as a *demoiselle de magasin* with Mlle. Maximilienne, the curé's sister. The Superior determines to make Marie-Claire the scape-goat of Sister Marie-Aimée's sin: she apprentices Marie-Claire to a farmer. The scene between Marie-Claire and the Superior when this decision is made known to the child is a

strange one. The attempt on the part of the woman to force from Marie-Claire some show of aversion for what lies before her, and the child's concealment of all emotion, her affectation of indifference and resignation, betray in few words the characters of both actors in the scene. Marie-Claire tells us:

Je sortis de chez elle avec des sentiments que je n'aurais pu exprimer.

None the less, on the eve of her going, this imaginative child has begun to find solace:

J'imaginai un pays très éloigné où il n'y avait que des plaines toutes fleuries. Je me voyais la gardienne d'un troupeau de beaux moutons blancs, et j'avais deux chiens à mes côtés qui n'attendaient qu'un signe pour faire ranger les bêtes. Je n'aurais pas osé le dire à sœur Marie-Aimée, mais en ce moment, je préférerais être bergère plutôt que demoiselle de magasin.

We pass to the second period of the life of Marie-Claire. She is now in her teens, a shepherdess on a farm in Sologne, happy and content but for those recurrent moments of nostalgia when longing for the sight of Sister Marie-Aimée rises within her. She describes for us her surroundings, the country, the men and women with whom she lives, the beasts she tends; scenes come and go before us, each one drawn without an unnecessary line, delicate and complete, evading nothing, instinct with sympathy and understanding. Marie-Claire has humour, she is not afraid of levelling that humour against herself. There is the affair of the defeat of the recalcitrant goat which naught could terrify into obedience:

Comme je sortais un jour de la sapinière avec mes cheveux tout défaits, je fis un mouvement de la tête qui les ramena en avant. Aussitôt la chèvre fit un bond de côté en poussant un bêlement de peur. Elle revint sur moi, les cornes basses; mais je baissai aussi la tête en secouant mes cheveux qui traînaient jusqu'à terre; alors elle se sauva en faisant des cabrioles impossibles à décrire. Chaque fois qu'elle entraînait dans la sapinière, je me vengeais en lui faisant peur avec mes cheveux.

Maître Sylvain me surprit un matin où je me lançais sur elle. Il fut pris d'un fou rire qui me remplit de confusion. . . . La chèvre était revenue près de moi. Elle me regardait en allongeant le cou, et en tordant ses reins d'une façon comique, prête à repartir au moindre geste. Le fermier n'en finissait plus de rire; il se tenait, cassé en deux, et il riait à grands éclats.

The child is nearing womanhood, her outlook widens, changes, imagination begins to have greater play, the shadow of romance

seems to hover between her and Eugène, her master's brother, when suddenly that master dies, and the farm is wanted by its owner for his son, who has recently married. Marie-Claire is taken over with the farm, Eugene passes out of her life, as does the farmer's wife, Pauline, with whom she has been so happy.

The new master and mistress are not as well-disposed towards her as the old; but Fate is kind and sends another interest in the place of Eugene: Marie-Claire meets Henri Deslois and is wooed by him. This is a little idyll, beautiful only because the mind of Marie-Claire finds beauty in it, for Henri Deslois is a dull and commonplace creature, who at the blowing of the first breath of a wind adverse to his wooing quits hastily his suit at the dictate of his mother. Marie-Claire, to prevent his seeing more of her, is turned away from the farm. Like a homing bird she directs her flight towards the Orphanage. She is accorded by the Superior a lowly position in the kitchen. She finds that Sister Marie-Aimée is no longer an inmate of the convent. She is contemplating escape from the cold charity offered her when Sister Désirée-des-Anges takes her under her care. The young nun and Marie-Claire share a room. So it comes that Marie-Claire is alone with Sister Désirée-des-Anges on the night when, suddenly, she dies in her bed; there is no time to run for help, nor does Marie-Claire attempt to do so. It is close on morning and the hour when she rings the great bell that awakes the convent to activity each day. To-day:

Je sortis sonner le réveil.

Je sonnais longtemps; les sons s'en allaient loin, bien loin! Ils s'en allaient où s'en était allée sœur Désirée-des-Anges.

Je sonnais, parce qu'il me semblait que la cloche disait au monde que sœur Désirée-des-Anges était morte.

Je sonnais aussi parce que j'espérais qu'elle mettrait encore une fois son beau visage à la fenêtre pour me dire:

"Assez! assez!"

Eight days later Marie-Claire is given forty francs and dismissed from the convent without comment: she is not wanted there. We take leave of her as she sets out for Paris, alone.

JESSIE LECKIE HERBERTSON.

WINTER SPORTS.

THE cult of winter sports is comparatively a new thing, but it has taken a very firm grip of holiday-making Englishmen. The weather experienced last winter in Switzerland was of a vileness unparalleled for fifty years, yet the number of people who went to Alpine resorts in search of health and amusement suffered no apparent diminution. Davos had its usual three thousand English visitors, and other favourite places were proportionately full. The fact is that almost everyone who has once tried the sports practised on snow and ice not only returns to them himself, but persuades his friends to accompany him. This missionary spirit prompts us to publish some desultory notes on a few of the places in Switzerland where sport of all kinds may be found, in the hope that our remarks may be useful to some who are finding it difficult to decide where to go this winter. It would be possible to enlarge the purview of these notes by discussing the attractions of Norway, Sweden, the Black Forest and the Austrian Tyrol. But we refrain from doing so because at present it is in Switzerland only that adequate provision is made for those who wish to do something more than ski all day and every day. There are toboggan runs and ice rinks outside the frontiers of the playground of Europe, but they are little used, and a sufficient number of suitable companions is absolutely necessary for the curler and eminently desirable for the tobogganer or skater. Even in Switzerland itself ski-ing is so far the dominant sport that at some of the smaller resorts a skater may discover that he has the rink too much to himself, and the keen curler find himself unable to get a good game regularly. Leuzerheide, for example, was for two seasons the headquarters of the Winter Alps Club, and then there was much excellent skating and curling on the Kurhaus rink. But when that club decided to become a migratory body the visitors who filled at once the places of its members took to the snow. Skaters and curlers became less numerous and less proficient. Much the same thing has happened at Montana, where, as at Leuzerheide, the ski slopes are of the first quality. In fact, if we say that at most places where only one or two hotels are open in the winter ski-ing has, to some extent, swamped curling and skating, we shall be stating a general proposition as true as most of its kind.

It is not very easy to find a satisfactory basis of classification for the various Swiss resorts. Perhaps it will be best to arrange them according to the special facilities which they

afford for different sports. Whatever system be adopted, St. Moritz, Davos and Grindelwald must form the first class. They resemble the golf courses on which championships are decided, in so far as they are the places where the experts meet to compete and co-operate with one another. Each has its peculiarities. St. Moritz is a long way off, and by a considerable number of feet the highest of the three. Some consider that these accidents of position are the great advantages of the place; others are deterred by them from going there. Everything, the hotels, the Cresta Run, the skating and curling rinks, is on a magnificent scale, and consequently life is expensive. But for those who can afford the expense and are sufficiently expert at tobogganing to go down the Cresta, or at skating to take part in a long-combined figure, or at curling to be welcome in a rink which wastes very few stones, St. Moritz is ideal. Davos has of late years gone ahead of its ancient rival in the department of English figure skating, and may be described as the home of that art. The curling is less good, and the ice run is not to be seriously compared with the Cresta. Both places provide first-class facilities for bobsleighbing and ski-ing. Both also contain sanatoria for consumptive patients, and there are not a few healthy people whose enjoyment of the life is marred by the knowledge that all is not well with some of their fellow-visitors. It is the boast of the Grindelwalders that their ice rinks consistently provide the best surface for skating and curling which can be found in Switzerland. Their contention can hardly be gainsaid. But their beautiful ice is purchased at a price; the sun does not shine upon the rinks for any appreciable time until February is half wasted. This is delightful for the expert skaters and curlers, who are to be found in large numbers at Grindelwald, but disappointing to those visitors who have come out to chase the sun. Such will be tempted to go ski-ing in order to get out of the shadow of the Eiger, and they will find good and varied country available for either long or short expeditions. There is a long and tolerably amusing toboggan run, and the ardent bobsleighbist has his chance of breaking his neck on the Interlaken road. We shall hardly be wrong if we extend the first class to include Villars and Wengen. So far as facilities for all-round sport go, these two centres are hard to beat. Probably because their reputation is not so long established, they do not as yet attract so many experts as the three first-mentioned places. No doubt their time will come. With few exceptions we are

inclined to distinguish between the other homes of winter sport in Switzerland more by the way in which visitors spend their evenings than by the pursuits which occupy the daylight hours. At Adelboden, Engelberg, Caux, Chateau D'Oex and Les Avants there is a constant round of gaiety. Carnivals, gymkhanas, concerts, dances and theatricals follow one another in quick succession, and in the crisp, invigorating air of the Alps entertainments go with a swing sometimes lacking in a foggier atmosphere. At no Swiss resort are evening entertainments unknown; but the visitor to Zweisimmen, Morgins, St. Beatenberg and Leuzerheide will have to blame himself if he sits up late more than two nights a week. We must not be understood to affirm that at some places peace and quiet are not to be obtained, and at others there is nothing to do in the evenings. Everywhere the individual is at liberty to please himself. But our experience is that the man who at home settles in an armchair after dinner with a book is often so exhilarated by the surroundings of a winter place in Switzerland that he is ready to take a hand in whatever is going. At all the places mentioned in this article there is excellent ski-ing to be found, but Adelboden, Zweisimmen and Leuzerheide especially lend themselves to this sport. Engelberg justly prides itself on its runs for toboggans and bobsleighs. Skating is much practised at Caux, Chateau D'Oex, Les Avants and St. Beatenberg, and at the last-named resort there is generally a strong contingent of curlers, while at Les Avants there is a good bob-run.



Ward Muir.

SKI-RUNNING AT VILLARS.

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There are two places which must have a short paragraph to themselves—Arosa and Klosters. Arosa claims the best bobsleigh run in Switzerland, and some of the chief races for "bobs" take place there. Klosters was the first place where tobogganing was practised as a sport, and to-day its run is hardly less famous than the Cresta. If rather less difficult, it is certainly longer.

We may appropriately conclude this article by printing a list of places which can provide adequate amusement for those who are neither specialists nor experts, but who wish to have opportunities of trying all the four principal sports. Bobsleighing is the one which we exclude. It may be very charming, but it looks much too dangerous for us. Fortunately, it cannot be obtained everywhere. It is our experience that sufficiently good ski-ing, skating (including bandy figure skating and the common run round) can be had at Andermatt, Celerina, Chamonix (which is in France), Gstaad, Kandersteg, Samaden, in addition to the places already discussed at greater length. We do not guarantee that those who want to pass a test of the National Skating Association will always find at all these places persons who will by example and precept help them to attain their object, or that the keen curler will not occasionally have to take one or two novices into his rink. All we say is that all-round sport is there. The choice between the places named in this article depends mainly on two things—the idiosyncrasy of the chooser and the price he is prepared to pay.



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THE CURLING RINK.

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A WINTRY WILDERNESS.

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TALES OF COUNTRY LIFE.

"NINEPENCE IN TH' SHILLIN'."

BY
M. E. FRANCIS.



"WHAT'S that yo' say? Yo' never see'd a man as hadn't soom grain o' sense soomwheer? What do yo' mak' o' Jim o' th' Lone End, then?"

"Jim Aughten—Jim o' Jack's?"

"Aye; he's noan got as mich wit as 'ud lay on the p'int of a needle. Yo' could mak' Jim believe ony fool's tale as yo' chose to tell him."

"I wouldn't say thot; Jim's not a lad o' mony words, but he's a good yead-piece. The Aughtens is kin to mysel'—cousins on the mother's side, and we're noan o' us short o' sense."

Here Tom Billington drew up his tall figure, and cocked his hat knowingly on the side of his grizzled head. His companion, Ted Whiteside, a burly, good-humoured-looking fellow, some ten years his junior, chuckled for a moment or two and then stopped short, throwing out his hand impressively. It was about one o'clock on a winter's afternoon, and the two were returning from the Nag's Head, where they had washed down their mid-day meal with a pint of home-brewed.

"I'll lay a sixpence to a pipeful of baccy as the owd lad 'ud reckon me in earnest if I was to tell him owd Lizzie up yonder had lost 'er 'eart to him."

"Yo' never mean the Widow Dickenson?"

"Who else? Theer is but the one owd Lizzie in these parts as counts for mich."

"Well, then, done wi' yo'! I'll uphowd Jim Aughten; he's noan gone crazy altogether."

"Yo'll see, yo'll see!" cried Ted, striding on again, his great shoulders heaving with laughter. "My word, 'tis a good notion that—owd Lizzie and Jim o' Jack's! Ho, ho, but th' owd lad 'ull take it seriously for sure. Aye, 'tis scarce worth while makin' a bet about it—he's nobbut ninepence in th' shillin'."

Tom lit his pipe and proceeded more slowly, and with a furrowed brow, rather resenting this belittling of his kinsman, though, as a matter of fact, the phrase of "ninepence in th' shillin'" and the more terse epithet "leather-yeard" were frequently applied to Jim o' Jack's.

When he came upon that worthy, a road-mender by profession, who was that moment at work on a pile of stones at the corner of the lane, he found that Ted had already embarked on his incredible tale.

Jim o' th' Lone End, a short, thick-set man of about fifty, with a grizzled fringe of beard surrounding his ruddy face, was listening with a puzzled and deprecating expression to the other's emphatic harangue.

"I tell you, mon, she's fair bewitched about yo'," cried Ted. "I doan't know how yo' can be so 'ard-earted."

"Eh, well, but yo' see, I 'adn't no notion at all 'ow the lond lay," responded Jim. "I were never one as made mich count of wedlock—nawe, I did used to think the lasses gived me the go by. Eh, mon, I did try once or twice to start coortin', but I doan't know 'owever it fell out I did never seem to get no for-rader. While I war thinkin' o' gettin' agate soom other lad 'ud nip in and spoil my chance."

"I'll tell thee what, thou'rt too humble, lad," put in Tom, coming up at that juncture and unable for the life of him to resist joining in with the jest, and mentally reflecting, moreover, that a pipeful of baccy was not an expensive price to pay for a good laugh. "If thou wert to make a bit more o' thyself thou 'ud carry all before thee."

"And a woman's fancy, be she old or yoong, is what counts, isn't it, Tom?" chimed in Ted. "And yo' see'd for yo'rself, Tom, how the Widow Dickenson changed colour when us named Jim here. 'That's a gradely mon,' says she. 'Aye,' she says, 'tis a pleasure to see him iest go by of a mornin' to 'is work.'"

"Eh dear, did she say that?" cried Jim, obviously flustered. "I never thought o' sich a thing. I'd no notion at all as Lizzie Dickenson war a-lookin' out for me when I war goin' out to work. I doubt I'd better choose soom other road now."

"Eh, however can thou find it in thy 'eart to carry on same as that?" cried Ted. "A poor lone woman same as yon—for shame on ye."

Jim pushed his hat a little further back on his bald head and cogitated.

"I never bethought me o' pitying Lizzie o' the Nag's Head afore," he said, hesitatingly; "but, o' course, it is a lonesome life for the woman, 'tis sure."

"Ah, 'tis indeed," returned Tom, keeping up the ball at a sign from his crony, "and all the impudent lads as she has to tend to, carters and thot callin' on their way back fro' town and fuddled more often than not—'tis a 'ard life for a woman gettin' on in years to have to sarve them and try to gaffer them and turn them out when they've 'ad enough. She 'as but her youngest lad at home wi' her, and he's not much more nor sixteen."

"Thot's true," agreed Jim. "I never thought o' thot."

"Now, if yo' was to wed her yo'd be a feyther to yoong Sam, wouldn't ye, Jim?" said Ted, solemnly.

"Well," returned Jim, "if I undertook the job I would, mon; but I doan't know as I could do it—really I doan't. I'm not so yoong as I war—fifty-five, thot's my age. Ah, fifty-five last birthday, and I never reckoned to change my state at my time o' life. But, still, if I could be any coomfort to Lizzie Dickenson—"

"Why, o' course, yo'd be the greatest coomfort," cried Ted. "Haven't ye ever heard the sayin', 'There's times when a little coomfort's a deal o' coomfort'? Well, I reckon thot time's coom for Lizzie; she's not much short o' fifty-five either, and her health none too good, but she's a good-lookin' owd lass still—wonderful fine faytures the owd body has."

"Ah, she favours our family," put in Tom. "Aye, she's a good-lookin' owd wench is Lizzie for her years—and thou's worn well, too, Jim. Thou's as 'earty as ever thou wert, aren't thou, owd bird?"

"Well, I believe I met say I am," rejoined Jim, modestly.

"Onyway, yo're Lizzie Dickenson's fancy," urged Ted. "My word, if thou wert to hear 'ow she carried on when we was speakin' o' you to-day, didn't she, Tom?"

"She did," agreed Tom.

"I never thought Lizzie Dickenson was thot open-mouthed," said Jim, in a vexed tone.

"Nay, thou munnot think thot. Lizzie, she knows what's due to hersel'. 'Twas nobbut along o' me bein' yo'r cousin as she did let out what was her feelin's. But you seem to have been awful stand off wi' 'er, mon. Says she, 'I've axed 'im in time and agen and he'll never cross the threshold.'"

"That were along o' my bein' teetotal," said Jim. "I never thought she axed me for nowt but in the way o' business."

"'Twas more nor business she 'ad in her yead," asserted Ted. "She says to Tom 'ere, 'He's the very mon as I would like to see gaffer i' this place. He's noan a mon as thinks too mich o' hissel'. He never won't tell me the rights o' things i' my own house. I reckon he'd know who was missis,' says she."

"Ah," said Tom, "he'd be like to know thot."

"But," she says, 'he never so much as looks my way,' went on the mendacious Ted. "But I 'earken for his step, and when I hear him breaking stones by the wayside, it welly seems as if he were hammering my 'eart.'"

"Eh dear," ejaculated Jim, with a conscience-stricken face. "Eh dear, if I had but known that, you met be sure I

would ha' looked in afore now. Hammering on her 'eart—well, to be sure!"

"Aye, thou's kept her waitin' long enough," said Tom, seriously. "I tell yo' what, lad, thou'd best make it up without losin' no more time, else the poor owd lass 'ull be, maybe, underground along o' thy cruelty. If I were thee I'd pop in this very evenin' and make her a straight offer."

"This evenin'!" exclaimed Jim, in a great fluster. "Eh, thou's noan one as lets grass grow under thy feet. I'm fair moidered wi' thy talk. I mun think it ower a bit. This evenin'—'tis a bit sudden."

"Think it ower," said Ted, solemnly; "but if thou'd a heart in thy breast, mon, thou'd do the reet thing."

"And mind thou dons thyself nice," put in Tom. "A bit o' hair oil and thy gradely clothes."

"Hair oil?" repeated Jim, taking off his hat and passing his hand through his straggly locks. "I've scarce enough hair left to make it worth my while to spend my brass on't. But I'll have to don my Sunday clothes."

"Coom away now," said Ted, in a whisper, twitching Tom's arm, "else I'll fair brast wi' laughin'."

They walked away together to a safe distance, when they simultaneously broke into smothered peals of merriment. "Eh, that caps all," cried Tom, wiping his eyes at last. "I couldn't have believed sich a tale if I 'adn't 'eard it wi' my own ears. Eh, mon, thou'rt welcome to thy pipe o' baccy! This 'ere marlock is cheap at the price."

"I am but sorry for one thing," cried Ted, as he searched for his pipe. "I should ha' told the owd chap to curl his 'air."

"It don't much signify about that," said Tom. "There'll not be much left either to oil or curl when Lizzie's done wi' him."

Meanwhile Jim o' Jack's took up his hammer again with a puzzled, not to say distracted, expression. "Eh dear! 'Tis true what the lads say as Lizzie Dickenson mun be awful lonesome—she mun be for sure! And they fellies as she has to tend to is a roughish lot. My word they are."

He lifted his hammer, sending splinters of stone flying in all directions. "'Tisn't to be wondered at if she's lookin' about for another husband, but 'tis a quare thing as she should ha' lit upon me."

The hammer rose and fell once more, and Jim's eyebrows crept higher and higher up his brow. He could not imagine himself in another groove than that into which he had so contentedly fitted for so many years. His sister-in-law with whom he lodged "did for" him; she had frequently informed him that he gave more trouble than he was worth, and was one of the foremost to apply to him the term already quoted—"Ninepence in th' shillin'." But Jim never hearkened when she got "agate o' bargin'," though on such occasions he was more than usually particular in his endeavours to oblige her by chopping sticks, blacking the family boots and the like. Nevertheless, he was firmly convinced that Jane would not miss him if he were to shift over yonder to the Nag's Head.

"It seems like as if I'd be playsin' everybody if I could bring my mind to it," he said to himself. "But it does seem a strange thing, an' I cannot think as I'd like the change mysel'." He went on cogitating the while. "But when it cooms to a wumman 'eakening for yo'r step, and watching to see ye go by, and saying every time yo' breaks a stone it's same as if yo' was breakin' her heart, summat must be done," he summed up.

When it grew too dark to work he shouldered the tools and turned towards home. Tom had said he must don himself gradely, and he supposed he ought to shave before presenting himself as a suitor to the widow. The prospect was sufficiently distasteful. Not only was it an unheard-of thing to shave in the middle of the week, but his Sunday clothes were less warm and comfortable to wear than his corduroys and thick Cardigan jacket. And what could he say to Jane if she questioned him as to the meaning of such an astounding departure?

"I wouldn't like to talk about this 'ere piece of business afore we've settled it up," he reflected. He walked more slowly as he approached the Nag's Head, his round, blue eyes staring at the open door of the hostelry. Might it not be better to go straight in without affecting any change of gear, and get it over? While he was hesitating Lizzie herself appeared on the threshold, a neat little black-eyed woman, one of the old-fashioned sort, with iron grey hair smoothed over her ears and her plump form clad in the bedgown and petticoat once so familiar to Lancashire country-folk.

"Good day to ye, Jim," she called out, smiling pleasantly.

"Good day to yo', Missis. I were—I were thinkin' o' steppin' in for a bit."

"Eh, that's a new thing. I thought yo' never set foot inside a public."

"No more I do," said Jim. "If I coom in now, Mrs. Dickenson, yo' know the rayson."

"I doubt I could guess," rejoined she, dryly. "Yo're not feelin' so well, are ye, Jim? I've noticed afore now as teetotal folk dunnot feel so well of a cold neet when they chance to pass a public. Coom, coom, what's it to be—beer or sperrits?"

"Nayther the one nor t'other, Missis. I haven't let a drop of any mak' pass my lips for thirty year an' more, and I'm not goin' to mak' no change now in that way. Yo' can guess what I want."

"Well, there's noan such a great choice," rejoined she. "It's a case of pop, I doubt."

"Pop?" echoed Jim, taken aback. "That's a bit sudden, Mrs. Dickenson, isn't it?"

"Whatever is the mon drivin' at? Pop needn't be sudden if yo're careful. I suppose yo' reckon to have yo'r yead blown off."

"Well," said Jim, "thot's what I should ha' been afeared on in th' ordinary way, but not in the present case."

"Well, set yo' down," said Lizzie, with a kind of good-humoured contempt. Then raising her voice she called, "Sam, bring a bottle o' ginger-pop here for Jim Aughten."

"Ginger-pop!" cried Jim, much relieved. "Oh-aye, now I see what yo' was drivin' at, Missis. Eh, I can manage the ginger-pop all right."

"Ginger-pop," repeated she, sitting down in the opposite chair to his, with a frank laugh. "Why, what other kind o' pop was yo' thinkin' on? There's no other pop as I knows on, unless it's poppin' the question."

Jim cleared his throat and shuffled his feet on the sanded floor; then he glanced furtively at Mrs. Dickenson, and then looked away again.

"Bless the mon," cried she, with an unembarrassed laugh, "how serious he looks. 'Twas but my joke, Jim—no need to take offence ower it."

A tall, flaxen-haired youth entered with a bottle of ginger-beer, which he opened, pouring the foaming contents into a big tumbler; then, after enquiring carelessly if the customer wanted anything more, he withdrew.

Jim took a pull at the tall glass, set it down, wiped his lips with the back of his hand, and stared at Lizzie, who had taken up a piece of knitting and was plying her needles with a contented, entirely detached air. Jim glanced helplessly round. It was difficult to make a start, he reflected, but this was an auspicious moment; they were undisturbed, and inopportune calls might arrive at any time—it was best to make the plunge at once.

"I've coom to say as I'm willin'," he burst out, suddenly.

Mrs. Dickenson dropped her knitting and stared.

"What's that yo' say?" she enquired. "Willin' to do what?"

"Eh, Missis, yo' know," rejoined Jim, in a hurt tone; "yo' know how yo' feel about me."

"How I feel about yo'?" she repeated, more and more mystified. "I don't know as I feel nowt about yo'."

Jim wagged his head incredulously. "I know all about it then," he said—"no need to talk it ower. I've coom—I'm ready to do it."

"Mon, I cannot make head or tail o' what yo're talkin' of," ejaculated Lizzie. "What in the name o' wonder do yo' mean? What are yo' ready to do?"

"Why, the very thing yo' was a-talkin' on just now—the other kind o' pop, yo' know—poppin' the question. I'm ready, I say. I reckon I have done it now," he added in a relieved tone.

A sudden dash of red invaded the widow's smooth cheeks and a sparkle came to her black eyes.

"Jim Aughten, are yo' makin' me an offer o' marriage?"

Jim nodded.

"Reet," he said. "Thot's it."

"And what put thot notion in yo're yead?" she continued, with ominous calm.

Jim hesitated, an innate delicacy of soul forbidding him to divulge the revelations of his cronies.

"Well," he said, at length, "I've been bethinkin' mysel' and unbethinkin' mysel' and bethinkin' mysel' again, as ye mun be awful lonesome 'ere. Yo' mun miss yo'r husband at every turn."

Lizzie's face changed and assumed a softer expression.

"I do thot," she said in a low voice; then, hardening her heart, she continued, "An' do yo' think as yo' could fill his place?"

"Well," said Jim, "I shouldn't ha' thought so mysel', but nobody can know what mak' o' man a wumman 'ull fancy. I'm not Joe's equal, I know that, but yo' might rub along wi' me as well as another. I'm just as quiet as Joe," he added.

"Well, is that all?" asked she, tartly.

"That's about all," rejoined Jim. "I could make mysel' useful in a-mony ways, and I'd be a fayther to your Sam."

"Would yo'?" cried Mrs. Dickenson, springing to her feet.

"Aye, I would. I've allus liked the lad, he shaps as well as any lad can do; but he's a bit young to be doin' barman's work."

"Yo' could fancy yo'rsel' at home in my taproom?" interrupted she, sarcastically.

"Eh, I could fancy mysel' better elsewheer," rejoined he, "me bein' teetotal. But it 'ud be a safer job for me nor for yo'r Sam. 'Tisn't such a very safe job for a lad as has no one to gaffer him."

"Yo'd like to be gaffer, I doubt?" cried the widow, keeping up the same ironical tone, but eyeing Jim the while with a certain reflectiveness.

"Nay," returned he, "I reckon yo'd do the gafferin', Missis. But theer's times wheer a mon's wanted i' a place same as this; if a fuddled chap wanted chucking out, for instance, or a couple o' fellies started to quarrel—I'm strong enough, if that's all."

There was a pause, during which Lizzie stared harder than ever; the simplicity of the man almost disarmed her. There was a deal of truth, moreover, in what he said; yet, on the other hand, was it not an overwhelming piece of impudence for a man in his position to aspire to a woman in hers? Nettled by this latter thought, she now spoke with extreme severity.

"I'm sure I ought to be very much obliged to yo', Mr. Aughten. 'Tis a handsome offer as yo've made me, and it's uncommon kind o' yo' to be so thoughtful on my account. Yo' didn't chance to think o' what yo'd gain if I was to tak' yo' at yo'r word, did yo'?"

"Me gain!" ejaculated Jim. "I reckon I'd be the loser, wouldn't I? You wouldn't be for payin' me no wage at arter yo'd wed me, I doubt? And I'm very well as I am; our Jane mak's me coomfortable. I never reckoned to change my state at this time o' day."

It was Lizzie's turn to stare now, which she did with an ever-mounting colour, yet with a curious expression that was half softened and half suspicious. "Then what i' the world put the notion in your yead now, I say?" she asked at length in a smothered voice.

Jim felt that the time had come when chivalry must be sacrificed to plain speaking. "Well, yo' know, Mrs. Dickenson," he said, looking at her almost reproachfully, "when a mon as is any sort o' a mon hears as a wumman has set her heart on him—"

"What's that?" cried Lizzie, almost voicelessly.

"I could happen ha' stood the thought o' yo' watchin' to see me go by," he continued, in the same aggrieved tone, "an' 'earkenin' for my step and thot—but when it coom to your sayin' every time I broke a stone 'twas same as if I was breakin' your 'eart, I thought 'twas time to put a stop to it."

If Lizzie's face had been red before, it was purple now. She made an impetuous movement as though to seize the bellows, which was hanging from its nail by the fire, but Jim forestalled her.

"Let me do thot," he cried, unhooking it and kneeling on the hearthstone. "I reckon it will be one o' my little jobs by and by."

Without waiting for permission he began to ply the bellows, while the widow, fairly nonplussed, gazed helplessly down at him.

"Who was it carried yo' all they tales about me?" she asked, after a pause, in a studiously calm voice.

"Nay, I'm not one for namin' names," returned Jim, still vigorously working the bellows. "Yo' can guess for yo'rsel, I should think, if yo' cast about in your mind the folks yo've had a crack wi' lately. Coom, I'll give yo' a lead—who was yo' talkin' to this mornin'?"

"Who was I talkin' to? Oh aye, I call to mind now. So it was Ted Whiteside and Tom Billington? Well, if I didn't talk to them wastrels afore, I'll talk to 'em next time I set e'en on 'em. Of all the impident—! Eh, Jim, can't yo' see they was nobbut makin' a fool on ye?"

"Makin' a fool on me, was they?" returned he, gaping.

"I'll doubt it is easy enough to do that," cried Mrs. Dickenson. "Eh, thou art but a leather-yead."

"So they say," agreed Jim, sitting back on his heels. "And yet I can't but think there mun be a word or two o' truth in what they said. They seemed that positive."

"There's not one single word of truth, then," cried Lizzie, emphatically. "Look at me, mon; look me in the face an' tell me if yo' reckon I'm the kind of bold-faced creature as 'ud throw mysel' at the yead of any mon, let alone at thot leather one o' yours."

"I never said thot yo' throwed yourself at my yead, Missis," said Jim, with gentle dignity. "Only when I heard thot yo' fancied me, I reckoned I'd best coom and offer mysel', thot's all. But let's say no more about it. 'Tisn't the first time I've been made a fool on! I doubt 'tis easy work, for I never can get it into my yead as folks are tellin' me lies. I wish yo' good-day, Missis, and I'm sorry I vexed yo'."

"Here, wait a bit," said Lizzie, "what's all your hurry? Sit yo' down a bit as how 'tis. Eh, I can't but think the better o' yo' for wantin' to oblige me when yo' thought I was on the look-out. But I wouldn't like for yo' to think I was thot nalk' o' woman. I could blush for shame now, though I'm owd enough to ha' left off blushin', to think as yo' could fancy I'd be so shameless as to say all as they impident lads tow'd yo'."

"Well, I were a bit surprised, Missis," said Jim. "More nor a bit surprised, I were."

"You'll think no more o' all thot foolishness, will yo'?" continued she, persuasively.

"Naw," said Jim, "I'll think no more on't."

"Yet there was sense, too, in what yo' said—I'm sorry I called yo' leather-yead just now, Jim."

"Don't name it," replied he, politely. "A-mony folks call me thot, and I never take no notice."

"Eh, I never see sich a good-tempered mon," said Mrs. Dickenson. "I doubt," she added, with a titter, "yo'd make as good a husband as another."

"I doubt I would," rejoined Jim, rubbing the knees of his corduroys, reflectively; then he sighed.

"Nay, you're fain to find yoursel' a free mon," said the widow, with a somewhat unsteady laugh. "'Twas but to oblige me as yo' thought o' changin' your state, yo' know. Yo' reckoned yo'd be the loser."

"Aye," agreed he, dolefully, "I reckoned I'd be the loser, but I'm noan so sure now. Havin' brought my mind to it, and then havin' to give it up all in a minute—I feel a bit disappointed-like."

"Why, then," cried Lizzie, stretching out her hand with a burst of laughter, "I'll tell thee what—let's have the laugh on our side. I doubt yo'd do me very well. I never should ha' thought on't mysel'; but now the notion has been put in my yead, I think 'tis a good one. You're a quiet mon, yo'd help me wi' the lad—if there was any chuckin' out to be done, yo' could do it."

"I could," agreed Jim, as she paused, a sudden vindictive light shining in her eyes.

"Then I'll tell yo' what—yo' can chuck out Ted Whiteside and Tom Billington if ever they dare show their noses 'ere again."

"Aye, I could do thot," conceded he, as she paused.

"Then shall we say 'tis settled?" murmured she. "They may call yo' 'Ninepence in th' Shillin', but I think yo'r 'eart's o' guinea-gowd."

Jim eyed her steadily and cleared his throat.

"I doubt I'll have another bottle o' pop," he said, "and start afresh."

SONG OF A WOODLAND STREAM

Silent was I, and so still,
As day followed day.
Imprisoned until
King Frost worked his will.
Held fast like a vice,
In his cold hand of ice,
For fear kept me silent, and lo
He had wrapped me around and about with a mantle
of snow.

But sudden there spake,
One greater than he.
Then my heart was awake,
And my spirit ran free.
At His bidding my bands fell apart, He had burst them
asunder,
I can feel the swift wind rushing by me, once more the
old wonder
Of quickening sap stirs my pulses—I shout in my
gladness,
Forgetting the sadness,
For the Voice of the Lord fills the air!

And forth through the hollow I go, where in glad April
weather,
The trees of the forest break out into singing together.
And here the frail windflowers will cluster, with young
ferns uncurling,
Where broader and deeper my waters go eddying,
whirling,
To meet the sweet Spring on her journey—His servant
to be,
Whose word set me free!

FAY INCHFAWN.

RELICS AND RARIORA OF THE ROAD.—III.

COACHING horns and bugles of every description, as might reasonably be expected, figure prominently among the relics and rariora of Spy Park. One long silver horn, three feet ten inches in length, bears the date 1801; but the recently-acquired key-bugle of the Gloucester and Cheltenham coach is of a later date. More curious than either is the thirty-eight inches long

and a coach and four. They measure eleven inches by seven and a-quarter inches. These goblets were often used at the club dinners. The one bearing the motto, "Be merry and wise," has the initials of "R. L."—Richard Larkin, a popular member of the great Driving Club. Among the genial spirits belonging to the "B. D. C." (a somewhat irreverent signification was assigned by those "in the know" to these seemingly



COACHING JUGS OF THE GOLDEN AGE OF THE ROAD (1815-27).

coach-horn of brilliant dark blue Bristol or Nailsea glass, which can still be sounded without difficulty. So slender and fragile is this quaint instrument, that it is probably unique. From the horns and bugles one passes to the dishes and jugs ornamented with coaching pictures and emblems. The fine stoneware dish now reproduced measures no less than twenty-one inches by sixteen inches. The jugs of which illustrations are given belong to the years 1827, 1826 and 1818. One of them is a presentation to a well-known coachman named J. Heath. Mr. C. G.

Harper has a good deal to tell us about the "tips" of the coaching era, and the liberality of the traveller was doubtless stimulated by the use of the glass without a base (now reproduced) in which the driver was accustomed to offer wine to his customers. Possibly the



DRIVER'S GLASS AND MUG (1810).

beer or cider mug, ornamented with the picture of a coach, served a similar purpose. In the first years of the nineteenth century, Nelson always travelled by the London and Plymouth "machine" (one of these coaches was called the Balloon), and never failed to insist on a halt at the door of the King's Arms, Dorchester, for the purpose of tasting the ale for which that ancient town is, and was, famous. The letters of "Nelson's" Hardy frequently refer to this amiable weakness of the hero of the Nile. In the collection of the present writer is Thomas Rowlandson's water-colour drawing of the coach on its way to London drawing up at the King's Arms, the façade of which has altered very little since 1800. Captain John Spicer is also the fortunate possessor of a set of engraved glasses, once the property of the Bedford Driving Club, instituted on February 28th, 1807. On each of them are the initials "B. D. C."



STONEWARE COACHING DISH.

of the late Lord Valentia, whose roan teams were unrivalled; and Sir Bellingham Graham of Norton Conyers, North Yorkshire. The Hon. FitzRoy Stanhope, a son of the third Earl of Harrington, was Dean and Rector of St. Buryan, Cornwall, pronounced by "Nimrod" to be one of the best gentlemen coachmen we have, a first-rate man on his box, and an excellent judge of everything belonging to a carriage.

It was obviously in the fitness of things that this contemporary of the Rev. John Russell should be the laureate of the jovial "B. D. C.," of which so many good stories exist. One night, Sir H. Peyton occupied the box-seat of the Oxford mail, and the driver is reported to have said to a brother coachman: "I had Sir H. Peyton up with me last night; he don't talk much. All he said to me between Oxford and London



ENGRAVED GLASSES OF THE BEDFORD DRIVING CLUB.

was, when the moon came up, 'Master Oliver has riz,' and after two hours he said, 'The road is a bit woolly to-night.' This was the whole conversation between Oxford and London."

The "gentleman coachman" is by no means a product of the late nineteenth century, but goes back to the days of Sir H. Peyton, Mr. Villebois, Sir "Vinny" Cotton, "Squire" John Warde (the inventor of the springs beneath the driving seat), the Marquess of Worcester and the Earl of Chesterfield. Of all of these departed worthies it might be said:

and drest
Like reg'lar coachmen in their best,
Handle the whip and ribbons
And answer "all right!" with "yah hip!"

If Captain John Spicer could be persuaded to extra-illustrate "The Stage and Mail Coach in the Days of Yore," he would have to insert their portraits as well as the professional coachmen like Cooper, Walton, Vaughan, Cross, Pickett and Marsh, and coach proprietors like Palmer, Pickwick, the Chaplins, Baxendales,

THE PATENT STEAM COACH.

CALL THE
Pyrohydrometer,

CARRYING
60 PASSENGERS

And 40 Tons of Luggage,

AND TRAVELLING AT THE RATE OF

A MILE A MINUTE,

WILL START FROM THE

HOT BATH PUMP ROOM,

Every Monday, Wednesday, and Friday Mornings, at 6 o'Clock,

Overland to **MOSCOW**, from whence it will proceed to **CHINA**, (calling in its Journey at **ETNA** and **VESUVIUS** for a Supply of Fuel) and return on the alternate Days.

This Coach possesses Advantages not to be met with in any other Conveyance, viz. it supplies abundant Light and Heat in the darkest Seasons and coldest Climates; and in the Torrid Zone it affords a refreshing coolness by watering the Roads and laying the Dust by the waste Water from the Boiler. Passengers may also cook their own Dinners, or provide Tea and Coffee whilst upon their Journey.

Performed by the Public's most warmly devoted Servants,

FIRE, FAGOT, and FURY

BILL OF GURNEY'S COACH.

Hornes and Nelsons. Few modern books offer so many opportunities.

From the middle of the eighteenth century the "coach" figures prominently in political caricatures of every description. The coaches of Fox and Pitt, as well as the Derby Dilly, were all in turn upset, and we see Napoleon crushed by the Waterloo coach, returning from Ghent to Paris with the portly Louis XVIII. as the inside passenger. Many of McLean's early caricatures deal with the road and its vicissitudes. The caricatures now reproduced belong to the years 1827 and 1830—the "golden age" which preceded the great catastrophe. The driver of the Brighthelmstone mail is George IV. Wellington asks in vain for a place, and Brougham is tendering a Swiss broom to the guard, who carries the traditional blunderbuss. The coach is passing at full gallop between the inns The Fox and the Grapes and the Crown, kept by J. Bull. The host and hostess of the latter endeavour to persuade the driver of the Royal mail to stop. The former says, "I say, Master, von't you



GEORGE IV. AS A COACHMAN.
(By R. Cruikshank).



GOLDSWORTHY GURNEY'S STEAM COACH.



A CARICATURE OF GURNEY'S COACH.



The first NAUTICAL SOVEREIGN COACH. Just started... from Southampton.

WILLIAM IV. AS A COACHMAN.



THE OMNIBUS IN 1790.



THE OMNIBUS IN 1840.

take a drop of brandy? 'Tis good for the Constitution. I hope you'll dine with us to-morrow; we shall have a fine piece of beef and plumb (sic) pudding." Mrs. Bull, grasping a large bottle labelled "Cognac," cries, "Here's George. God bless him. He is one of our best customers. He always makes me take a glass of something good; and he's a very devil amongst the girls in these parts. Ha! Ha! Ha! My stars and garters." The King replies, "Can't stop, my Tulips; besides, we've some suspicious chaps on the road who want to get the reins out of my hands; but they won't fit, and the mailbags must be looked after; but my guard is up to them. I'll tell you more about it next time I pass. Good bye, old leather wig!" Only three years later "Coachman George" disappears, and we have William IV. directing, whip in hand, the progress of the First Nautical Sovereign Coach. The first horse of the team has the face of Brougham! The Sailor King shouts, "Steady, my boys, pull together. I say, my lads, I must keep a sharp lookout, there are some suspicious characters on the road." Another coach is named The Royal Adelaide, and the Queen is the inside passenger. Peel and Wellington, looking very anxious and uncomfortable, are seated in the boot. The latter says, "I say, Bob, I don't much like this situation. Do you?" Peel replies, "No, nor the livery either." A number of politicians follow the coach, shouting vainly for "places."

As far back as 1789 Erasmus Darwin foreshadowed the ultimate doom of the coach in the lines:

Soon shall thy arm, unconquered steam, afar
Drag the slow barge, or urge the rapid car
Or on wide waving winds expanding bear
The flying chariot through the realms of air.

It was, however, not the railways, but the steam carriages invented by Goldsworthy Gurney, Walter Hancock and Colonel Maceroni which first threatened the supremacy of the coach as the all-prevailing means of locomotion. In 1833 McLean of the Haymarket published the print of the London and Bath Royal Patent, now reproduced. A full description and explanation is printed below it. Steam omnibuses for a while ran between Paddington and the Bank. One of them was called the "Autopsy." A steam carriage inventor bore the ominous name of "Burstall," a misfortune delineated in the caricature now given as an illustration, entitled, "A Steam Coach with some of the machinery gone wrong. The supposed bill of Messrs. Fire, Fagot and Fury, proprietors of the Patent Steam Coach called the Pyro-hydrometer," will speak for itself. It is probably a satire on the projects of Mr. Gurney, of whom Tom Hood wrote:

Instead of journeys, people now
May go upon a Gurney,
With steam to do the horses' work
By power of attorney.

When the end did come, the omnibus came into fashion for short distances, but the Royal Sailor, which conveyed passengers from Charing Cross to Greenwich and Woolwich, dates from 1790. The Royal Wonder, the contemporary of the first developments of the Great Western Railway, is forty years younger. The disappearance of the stage and mail coach was effected gradually. Coaches ceased to run on the Bath and Brighton Roads in 1841. The Bedford Times held its own till 1848, and the Chester and Holyhead coach was not "taken off" till two years later. In 1854 the

present writer travelled from Bridport to Dorchester in a coach which was the dingy successor of the Quicksilvers and Telegraphs of 1825-38. The Thurso and Wick mail only surrendered to the Highland Railway in 1874. Captain Spicer has several coach-ballads, and possibly two or three coaching song-books. As Mr. Harper points out, the ballads of the *decadence* (1837-40) were both numerous and touching. One of them, "The Dirge of the Dragsman," contained, among others, the following verses:

A plague upon Railways! the system be blowed!
Grim engineers now are the lords of the road,
And passengers now are conveyed to their goal,
Not by steaming of cattle, but steaming of coal.

Let mourning as gloomy as midnight be spread
O'er the *Swan with Two Necks* and the *Saracen's Head*;
Let the *Black Bull*, in Holborn, be cow'd, and the knell
Of glory departed be heard from the *Bell*.

The *Blossoms* must speedily fade from the bough,
And cross'd are the hopes of the *Golden Cross* now,
The *White Horse* must founder, the *Mountain* fall down
The *Gloster* be closed, and the *Bear* be done *Brown*.

The *Eclipse* is eclips'd, and the *Sovereign* is dead,
And the *Red Rover* now never roams from its shed;
The *Times* are disjointed, the *Blucher* at peace,
And the *Telegraph* shortly from working must cease.

The sites of the *Black Bull* and the *Swan with the Two Necks* may still be traced. Men still living well remember the *Bell* in Holborn; the sign of the wool-staplers, which was suspended from time immemorial over its broad gateway, is now the property of the writer. The *White Horse Cellars* and the *Golden Cross* continue to flourish. The *Gloster* may be closed, but the *Berkeley* has risen on its ruins, and the *Criterion* occupies the site of the *Brown Bear*. The coaches, however, are all as dead as *Queen Anne*. Mr. Harper says a great many of them were exported to the *Peninsula*. The sole survivor of them all is the "*Tagioni*," which Captain John Spicer can still show you at *Spye Park*.

A. M. BROADLEY.

IN THE GARDEN.

PROTECTING PLANTS FROM FROST.

AMONG the many gardening operations that call for attention during the winter months, it is doubtful whether any is so little understood as the protection of those plants which, though hardy under ordinary conditions, demand some protection from severe frost. Among such we find quite a number of shrubs that our gardens can ill afford to be without, and which are usually given a station at the foot of a south or west wall or other sheltered situation, so that protection from the coldest winds is theirs throughout the entire year. Artificial protection other than this can, and frequently does, do more harm than good, especially when applied or removed without knowledge or thought of the way in which frost does injury.

Strange as it may at first appear, it is not the actual freezing so much as the manner in which thawing takes place that does the damage. That we may the better understand what happens, and so know exactly when and in what form to apply and remove protection, it may be well briefly to consider what the freezing of a plant means. During severe frost the liquid contents of the cells which compose the tissues of plants are frozen and, following a natural law, expand, with the result that the cell walls are ruptured. When rapid thawing occurs, the tissues collapse and the parts badly affected die. But it has been proved that if thawing takes place very slowly the cells are capable of absorbing their erstwhile contents and the walls are once more rigid, the tissues generally being but little the worse for their ordeal. Thus we see the necessity for allowing somewhat tender plants to thaw slowly, and protection ought not to be removed at the first signs of warmer weather, but rather allowed to remain so that thawing occurs as slowly as possible. Of course, where a plant remains in a frozen state for a week or two, the injury done to the tissues is in all probability beyond repair, and it is during prolonged frosts that protection is specially needed, protection of such a character that the frost does not reach the most vulnerable or vital parts of the plant, i.e., the roots and bases of the stems.

Of what this protection consists, and the way in which it is applied, are two important points that must receive attention, otherwise it may do more harm than the frost. For protecting the branches of shrubs nothing is better than dry *Bracken*, *Wheat straw*, cut branches of *Laurel* or *Yew*, or *archangel mats*. All of these will afford protection without holding a great deal of moisture, and all are light, so that their weight will not break

the shrubs they are intended to take care of. Soft or partially decayed straw is bad, as it quickly becomes a sodden mass that is likely to cause decay, especially in those plants whose tissues are naturally soft. Again, whatever is applied to the branches should be so placed that air can gain access to them. To smother up the shoots of a plant tightly for several months, irrespective of the weather, is wrong; it has a weakening effect on shoots and buds, and when the covering is removed in early spring they are often badly crippled by the biting winds and slight frosts that would do no appreciable harm to sturdy and more exposed plants.

But it is the roots and lower stems of plants that we need to protect most. Although undesirable, it is really not a very serious matter if a few of the soft shoots of many shrubs do get damaged, because others can be trained up to take their places; but if the roots and main stems are damaged, the plant is beyond repair. The more tender of the bush forms of *Tea Roses*, *Azaleas* and similar kinds of plants need protection in their lower regions during severe and prolonged spells of frost, and where the soil is naturally light and of an easily workable character there is no better method of affording protection than the raising up of this in a cone-shaped heap between the branches and over the soil in which the roots are growing, a height of from one foot to eighteen inches being sufficient for all ordinary-sized plants. If, however, the soil is mostly clay, recourse can be had to stale coal-ashes or *Cocconut fibre* refuse, both of which are excellent frost resisters. To place heaps of strawy manure round such plants is a mistake, as it is quickly turned into a sodden, death-dealing mass.

In the kitchen or flower garden any soft-wooded, low-growing plants that may need protection will usually derive sufficient from branches of *Laurel*, *Spruce* or *Cupressus* thrust into the soil among them, or, if dry *Bracken* is available, this may be laid over them and kept from blowing away by placing light *Pea-sticks*, or, better still, *Beech* or *Oak* branches that still retain their dead foliage, over it. The leaves on the latter afford a certain amount of protection in themselves. In frames and cold greenhouses pot plants should be kept as dry at their roots as possible, without fear of injury from that cause, during frosty weather. A plant in such condition will successfully withstand several degrees more frost than a similar kind whose tissues are gorged with moisture. It will be seen, then, that the protection of plants from frosts to be successful must be conducted in an intelligent manner, to which end it is desirable for the gardener to know his plants and the actual effect of frost upon them, together with the dangers resulting from rapid thawing.

F. W. H.

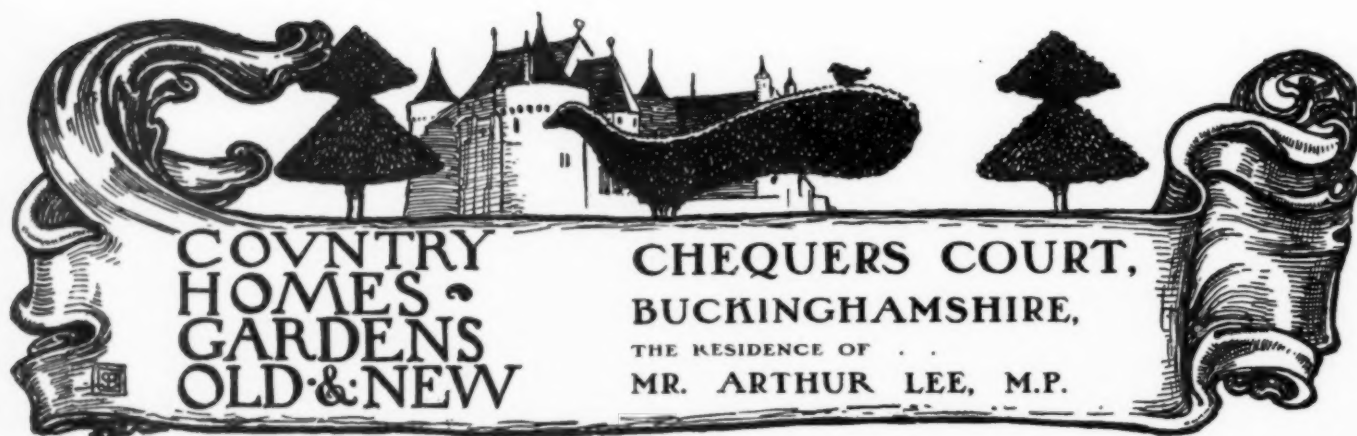
TAMARISKS IN THE SHRUBBERY.

WHEN visiting a friend's garden during the past summer, a garden miles away from the seashore, the writer was much interested in the free use that had been made of the *Tamarisks*, shrubs that are erroneously supposed to be suitable only for the seashore, or in close proximity thereto. This supposition has, no doubt, been responsible for the exclusion of these graceful and unique-looking shrubs from many of our inland gardens, a fact that is greatly to be deplored, inasmuch as they will thrive in those gardens where the soil is naturally sandy and shallow, and in which the majority of the better-class shrubs can scarcely be induced to live. In addition to their thin, wand-like shoots that are freely clothed with delicate green foliage, the plants are bedecked, during some portion at least of the summer, with myriads of tiny pink or rose-coloured blossoms, which transform the shoots into bejewelled, feathery tassels, such as we do not find in any other shrubs. In addition to their suitability for poor soils, the *Tamarisks* will not object to being severely pruned when circumstances demand it, so that they may easily be kept within bounds. At *Kew* several large beds in the more open parts of the woodland have been filled with these shrubs, and these form quite a distinct feature of the landscape. For the front portion of the shrubbery clumps consisting of three or more plants may be grown to great advantage. Undoubtedly, the best of all the *Tamarisks* is *T. Pallasi* rosea, or *æstivalis*, as it is sometimes called. This flowers late in the summer, its bright rose-coloured blossoms being very charming indeed. *T. gallica*, the wild kind, is useful for planting in large quantities, but is superseded in beauty by *T. tetrandra*. Both flower early in the summer in many parts of the country; but in some districts their floral display is delayed almost until the autumn.

THE CREEPING SANDWORT.

Now that the majority of the plants in the rock garden have either died down or had their foliage marred by frost, we welcome any that retain their fresh appearance, and among these none is brighter than the dainty little *Creeping Sandwort* (*Arenaria balearica*). The severe frosts of the autumn seem to have emphasised the vivid green of its tiny leaves, and a carpet of it covering an old grey boulder is at the time of writing most attractive. Though it is, of course, always greatly admired in spring, when the green carpet is studded with myriads of its tiny, star-like blossoms, I do not remember ever seeing anything recorded about its attractiveness in winter. Fortunately, this delightful little plant will grow in almost any good garden soil that is well drained, and if planted near a large piece of rock will spread rapidly and soon cover the stone surface. It is very easily increased by taking pieces off the sides of the old plant and just making them firm in the soil where they are intended to grow. In a garden that I visited a few years ago, this *Sandwort* had been planted at the top of a bank where the trunk of a large tree had been partially embedded, and this the plant had almost covered and changed from an eyesore into a thing of rugged beauty.

H.



NOW that the dire effects of a bad attack of Early Victorian Gothic have been removed, Chequers is again one of the very best of Buckinghamshire's old houses. It has needed very drastic renovations to give back once more to the interior something of its ancient character. But as regards the exterior, the removal of stucco and of tawdry finials and battlements was alone needed for the north front to revert to the appearance it presented after William Hawtrey had completed it in the early days of Elizabeth. Though that be some three hundred and fifty years since, the date of William Hawtrey's building may almost be called modern in the history of the place. Its name of Chequers—or Chekers as it was anciently written—has belonged to it certainly for eight centuries, and if the earth-works in the park really represent the ancient stronghold where Caractacus was born, it must have been the habitation of British chieftains some two thousand years ago. The finding here of numerous coins of Cunobelinus or Cymbeline, the father of Caractacus, strengthens this belief. It is no part of our object to go back into such legendary history, and we must come down to the first documentary evidence, which makes this estate in the Buckinghamshire parish of Ellesborough the property of a certain Elias de Scaccario or of the Exchequer

in the days of Henry II. With what Exchequer were the place and its owner connected? Was he a subordinate official of the central Exchequer in London, that great institution of our Norman kings of which Bishop Stubbs tells us that "the whole framework of society may be said to have passed annually under its review. It derived its name from the chequered cloth which covered the table at which the accounts were taken, a name which suggested to the spectator the idea of a game at chess between the receiver and the payer"? Tradition makes our Elias *ostiarius*, or porter, of the Exchequer building; and, if that is so, not only was he named after it, but his estate also. This would be unusual, and has led to the theory that British, and after them Saxon, kings had a residence and a local treasury at Ellesborough which, eventually becoming the property of Elias, gave its name to him and his descendants. Although these did not continue in the male line for more than a century after his date, yet it is interesting to note the devolution of Chequers, which is very similar to that of Boarstall in the same county. In both cases there have been frequent descents in the female line, and one example of a transfer away from the blood to a connection by marriage. But there has been no buying or selling and no forfeiture—the estates ever since Norman times



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THE SOUTH FRONT.

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THE NORTH ASPECT.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

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THE NORTH-EAST ANGLE AND THE NEW PORCH.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

have passed by inheritance only. The last of the male line of de Chequers was Sir Ralph, who died about 1261, when the estate went to his daughter's husband, Sir William Hawtrey. Hawtrey is a corruption of Haut-Rive; but where lay the place noteworthy for its high bank that gave the family its name is obscure. One legend originates the family with a knight who began life as a founding in the Swiss monastery of Altenryf, while another makes a knight of the name strike down Harold and seize the standard on the field of Senlac. Certainly there were land-owning branches of this family *de Alta Ripa* in more than one English county in early Plantagenet times, and he who married the Chequers heiress seems to have been seated in the Lincolnshire parish of Algarkirk, where traces of a Haut-Rive mansion are said to remain. However that may be, Chequers was certainly the home of the family from the days of Henry III. to those of Queen Elizabeth. Generations of them came and went—intermarrying with neighbouring families, taking part in local affairs, adding to or rebuilding their home to suit new conditions of life—until the day when William Hawtrey gave us the house of which so much remains to our own day. The materials are those that were usual in

his country-side—narrow red bricks of the locality with dressings of stone, which also came from not far off. For, though Chequers itself sits in a high-pitched hollow of the Chiltern Hills, with its chalk formation, Buckinghamshire does possess good ashlar stone of the same character, though not in the same abundance, as its neighbour Northamptonshire. Stone, therefore, is only used at Chequers for coigns, string-courses, gable copings and window mullioning. But where it is used it is used generously, and the fine ranges of double-transomed four-light windows broken by the two stately double-storeyed bays give to the north front a fine and dignified effect. Much of the history of the house may be read on these bays. The original glass in one of the windows has a series of shields of the arms of William Hawtrey, his ancestors and connections, while the interesting round-topped panels in the parapets above repeat some of these in stone, and also display the initials of the builder and of his second wife with the date 1565. This parapetting is unusual in design, but recalls those on Edward Brudenell's hall at Deene and Edward Griffin's cloister at Dingley, which two Northamptonshire homes also date from the

opening years of Queen Elizabeth. Chequers is now a quadrangular house, with most of its court filled up by a comparatively modern central hall. But it probably originally formed a hollow square, open to the south and with a large outer forecourt entered through a gatehouse. So at least a small presentment of the house on an old estate map leads us to suppose. The artist, however, may have been inventive, and it will be unwise after the frequent alterations that have taken place to lay down the law as to the original disposition. William Hawtrey in all probability made use of a good deal of old foundations, if not of old walling, and this will account for the house, even in his time, not being on a recognised Elizabethan plan.



PLAN.

It does not seem possible that even then there can have been a porch occupying the centre of the main block of the hollow square looking south. For that part of the house cannot have been given to a great hall opening from behind screens and rising up to the roof, as was still usual in 1565, since the first floor is occupied by the long gallery, which was fitted up as a library in the eighteenth

subsidiary or garden exit. Its position, too, has an accidental look, breaking even such symmetry as the north front possesses. That, however, is not very much, for though the two bays, separated by a range of three four-lighted windows, balance each other perfectly, the two ends of the building beyond them do not, as they almost invariably do in Elizabethan homes planned *de novo*. The western end, wherein the gallery terminates,



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THE GREAT HALL AND GALLERY.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

century, as the illustration shows, but of which the whole structure and fenestration, including bays looking north and west, are perfectly original. Below it is a doorway, of which a detail picture is given. It is a delightful and untouched example of its time, retaining marked Gothic characteristics in its great drip stone, its arched head and the Tudor roses in its spandrels. But it is quite small, and could only have been a

is much longer than the eastern end, the roof space of which contains the historical chamber known as the "prison room."

William Hawtrey, though he held no recognised post and, unlike his son, was never even knighted, was a *persona grata* to Elizabeth and her Ministers, and as in the year 1565, when he was finishing his building operations, a place of detention



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THE ENTRANCE OR STONE HALL.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



THE ENTRANCE OR STONE HALL.

SOUTH-WEST CORNER OF GREAT PARLOUR.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

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not quite amounting to a prison (such as Elizabeth had herself experienced frequently in her sister's reign), was needed for one of the ladies whose misfortune it was to have Tudor blood in their veins, William Hawtrey was entrusted with the disagreeable office of custodian. Lady Mary Grey, sister to the unfortunate day-queen Jane, and inheritor of her claims, had provoked Elizabeth's wrath. Nothing aroused the Virgin Queen's ire more than the courtships and secret marriages that went on in

her helth." She was to be allowed only a single groom and gentlewoman, and even her table was to be thriftily spread, for Hawtrey is to see "that she be not dieted otherwise than shall be convenient for her sustenation." The attic room, with the great oak beams supporting its ceiling and its original stone-arched fireplace (the only one that escaped the Victorian Gothics), still shows on its walls traces of her handwriting, unfortunately too much effaced to be legible. Here she remained for two

years, when Hawtrey was ordered to deliver her to her step-grandmother, the Duchess of Suffolk, who was then lodging in the Minories. This Duchess, who had become the wife of Charles Brandon after Mary Tudor's death, was a great Lincolnshire heiress; but her circumstances at the moment of her charge's arrival seem to have been so little affluent that she was living in her London lodgings amid borrowed "stoffer," and could not buy what was necessary for the Lady Mary, who had brought nothing with her but an old feather bed full of patches and "such a lyttle petteous cannype of ryde sersinette." The Duchess, therefore, writes to Mr. Secretary Cecil begging the Queen to lend her the furniture of one chamber and "some old selder potte to feche har drinke in." She even ventures, in rather tentative fashion, to suggest the loan of a basin and ewer, but evidently hardly expects to get such a luxury, though she promises that the Queen should "have it back at call."

William Hawtrey lived on for over thirty years after he had handed his charge over to the impoverished Duchess. But with him the male line of Hawtreys of Chequers came to an end. His son, Sir William, had pre-deceased him, leaving daughters only, and Chequers went to the eldest of these, who married Sir Francis Wolley, son of one of Elizabeth's Secretaries of State. It is not clear that the Wolleys ever lived at Chequers, for dame Wolley, when she made her will in 1637, describes herself as of Bodicote in Oxfordshire. There she died soon afterwards, and was buried in the grand parish church of Adderbury. But she was proud of being a Hawtrey, and as "the Genealogie and Pedigree of the Auncient Familie of Hawtrey" describes Chequers as being in her possession, it was, no doubt, drawn up at her instigation, while the estate map already referred to bears her name upon it.

A delightful portrait of her hangs at Chequers. She is dressed in black and scarlet, with lace over it, and much elaborate embroidery, including representations of birds, as well as of flowers and leafage. The dress recalls the fashions of Elizabeth rather than of James, although she was already a widow when it was painted. Her mourning, however, is worn in a very restrained manner, and consists in tying an infinitesimal bow of black ribbon on to her ring and on to the pin in her ruffe. Dying childless, she was succeeded by her sister Brigetta,



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IN THE GREAT, PARLOUR.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

her palaces. Even her favourite Leicester was never fully forgiven his marriage with Lettice Knollys. But Mary Grey did worse. For, considering her closeness to the Throne, it was clearly a *mesalliance* for her to wed in clandestine fashion so lowly a gentleman as Thomas Keys, Sergeant Porter to the Queen. And so in September, 1565, the Lords of the Council write to William Hawtrey that Elizabeth has appointed that the Lady Mary should remain with him and not "go out of his house abroad, except it be necessarily for to take y^e ayre for

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THE DINING-ROOM.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

wife of Sir Henry Croke. The Crokes, really a branch of the Blount family, came forward in Henry VIII.'s day and, profiting by the Dissolution of the Monasteries, obtained Studley Priory, on the borders of Buckinghamshire and Oxfordshire, which was described and illustrated in *COUNTRY LIFE* on July 11th, 1908. Chilton in Buckinghamshire, however, was their chief seat, and there they lived for some generations, producing several eminent lawyers, two of whom wore the ermine. Sir Henry, as befitted a man who was to succeed to the old home of Elias de Scaccario, held the Exchequer office of Clerk to the Pipe, and lived a widower in possession of Chequers for twenty-one years after he lost the wife through whom he had obtained it. She had died a year after her sister, and therefore could not have been long "of Chequers." But a full-length portrait of her, displaying a woman of strong character and dignified presence, occupies a great space in the hall. The portrait is probably a good likeness, for the epitaph on her monument in Fllesborough Church, where she lies in effigy under a marble canopy, declares in Latin that she "had nothing feminine



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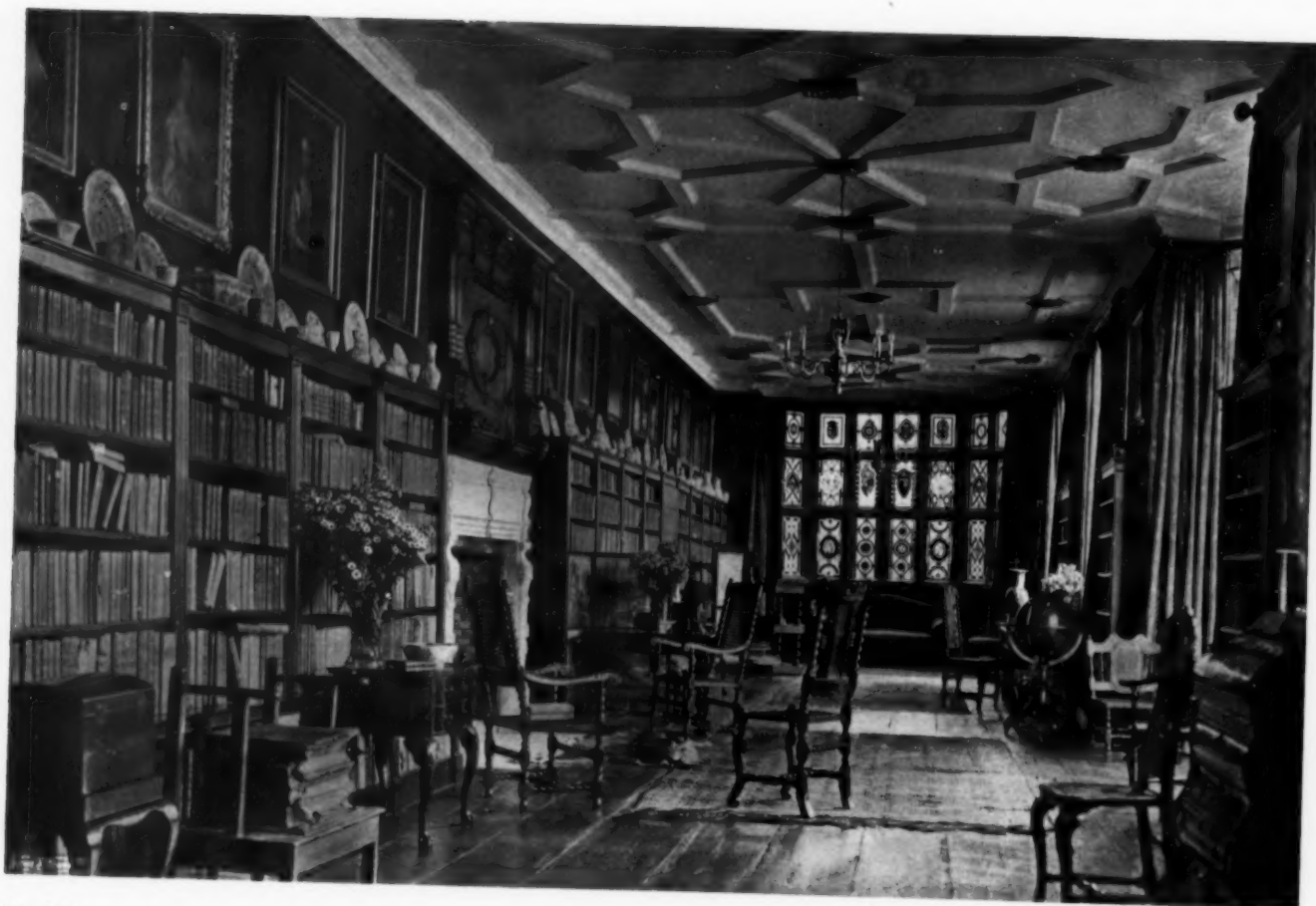
about her except her sex." Her husband lived to see the Civil Wars and the rule of Cromwell. Both he and his son, Sir Robert, were Cavaliers, and Lipscomb tells us that Chequers was in the hands of the Parliamentary Commissioners in 1649. A composition on easy terms, however, seems to have been accepted, for through the Hawtreys the Crokes were connected with the Hampdens, while there was an inter-marriage between one of their family and that of Cromwell. But the tradition that Cromwell himself or any of his contemporary connections ever resided at Chequers is quite erroneous. The Cromwell portraits and relics which are now among the most valued objects at Chequers only reached there in the eighteenth century, after the place had passed away from the blood of both Crokes and Hawtreys. Brigetta's son, Sir Robert Croke, left no male heir when he died in 1679, and Chequers went to his daughter Mary, wife of John Thurbane, M.P. for Sandwich, and Sergeant-at-law. She died childless, and it was then that Chequers was lost to the descendants of Elias, and went to her stepdaughter, Joanna Thurbane. She married Colonel John Rivett, who was killed on the



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RECESS IN THE GREAT PARLOUR.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



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THE LONG GALLERY.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

field of Malplaquet in 1709. After that event, there took place the double marriage which eventually brought Chequers to the Russells. Mrs. Rivett, the widow, married Governor John Russell, a widower, while her daughter, Mary Rivett, mated with Colonel Charles Russell, the governor's son. The Russells were descended from a Cambridge landowner, who received a baronetcy from Charles I., but whose son was

on the Parliament's side and became a member of Protector Oliver's abortive Upper House. Both his son and daughter married children of Cromwell, and John Russell, who obtained an Indian governorship, was the younger son of the fourth Russell baronet and of Frances Cromwell. His grandson, on the failure of the senior branch in 1757, became Sir John Russell, eighth baronet, and, as he also inherited Chequers through his mother, the presence within its walls of so many Cromwell relics is accounted for. Of these, Oliver's sword and a plaster mask of his face, taken in his lifetime, are the most interesting.



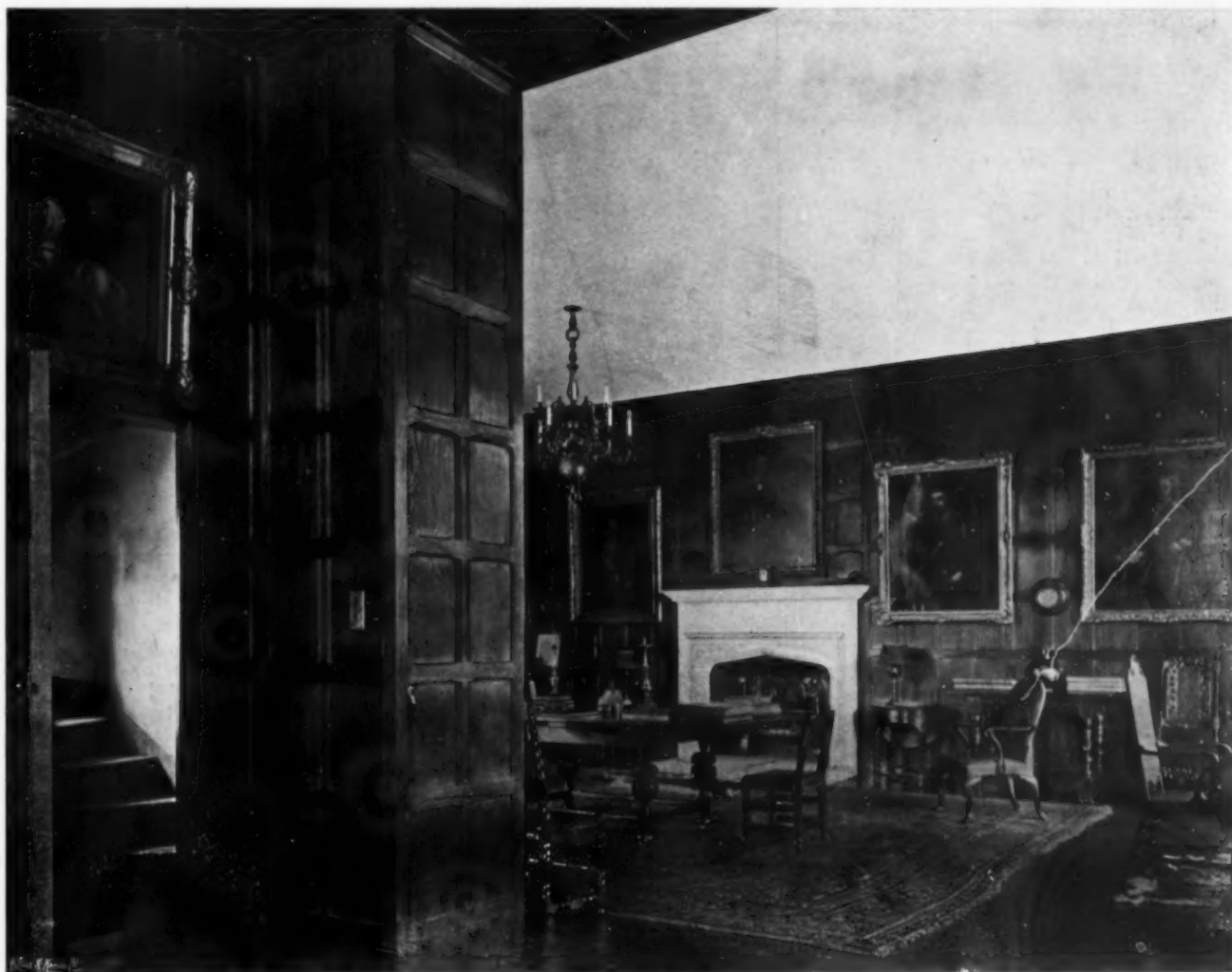
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THE PRISON ROOM.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

Among the portraits is one of his mother, and the resemblance to the mask enables us to judge from which of his parents the Lord Protector drew his strength of character. Of him there is a portrait as a child, and more than one in manhood. In the Cromwell Room, which is a large downstairs parlour off the entrance or stone hall, all his children are represented. Frances Russell is, of course, there—simple and retiring in dress and

deportment compared to her elder sister, Mrs. Claypole, whose sharp tongue and regal airs made her so unpopular with the Parliamentary womankind. Her portrait at Chequers shows her apeing the style and dress of Henrietta Maria, to whom may have belonged the splendid pearls and diamonds with which the usurper's daughter has decked herself out. Necklace and earrings, bracelets and dress-fasteners glow and shimmer everywhere. With one hand she points to the legend "Altiora sequor," while the other rests on a globe, and it is an open question whether the altitude she seeks is that of science or of empire.



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THE CROMWELL ROOM.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

The estates which had come to the Russells so strangely and so circuitously did not remain with them long. Sir John's sons succeeded each other rapidly as ninth and tenth baronets, and after the younger one passed away at the age of twenty-four in 1804, collaterals succeeded each other, adopting the Russell name. Greenhills were followed by Franklands, and Franklands have in recent times been succeeded by Astleys. So long as the male line of the Russells continued, the house seems to

Russell b^t." Fortunately these "improvements" are gone. Their terrible nature will in future only be known through photography. The late owners, Mrs. Frankland-Russell-Astley and her son, Mr. Bertram Astley, initiated this good work. He it was who, on the suggestion of Mr. Reginald Blomfield, A.R.A., removed the exterior stucco and mock-ornament and revealed the good material and fine lines of the original north front. But to the present life tenant, Mr. Arthur Lee, M.P.,

was left the weighty task of making the interior once more sympathetic with the exterior. This has been thoroughly and satisfactorily done under the advice of Mr. Blomfield. The entrance is now on the east side, through a two-storeyed porch of excellent texture and proportions added by Mr. Blomfield. It brings us into the stone hall, newly wainscoted indeed, but showing a balustraded opening into the old staircase, the timber-framed character of which is separately illustrated. On the right-hand side of the picture of the stone hall is seen a great door leading into the Cromwell Room, which still bears in its spandrels the initials of William Hawtrey, the builder, let into the stonework in black wax. Next to this doorway is seen a pastoral picture in which a family group of Rivetts, Russells and Greenhills are partaking of a "syllabub straight from the cow." The Cromwell Room is likewise newly wainscoted, and from it a doorway leads into the great hall that covers a large part of the old interior court. This has been entirely remodelled by Mr. Blomfield, who has sought to represent the various periods of the house by associating motifs such as Torrigiano used under Henry VIII. with balustrading like that on the old staircase, and with columns of a more pronounced Palladian character. The illustration shows the perfect harmony and fine proportions of the screen and gallery which so successfully realise this idea. Among the other interesting downstairs rooms, all of which have been adequately treated, is the present dining-room. The Cromwell Room had been used for meals with inconvenient access from the offices across the hall or through the cellars. Mr. Blomfield has replaced this with a clever and practical redistribution. The new dining-room occupies the place of a pantry and other little rooms, and is in direct communication with new



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THE OLD STAIRCASE.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

have largely preserved the appearance which the Hawtreys had given it. But that did not suit the pseudo-Gothic taste of those that succeeded. We read in "the History of the Croke Family," published in 1823, that Chequers had "lately been fitted up in the Gothic style with exquisite taste"; while Lipscomb, whose "History of Buckinghamshire" appeared in 1847, tells us how the house was "modernized with great taste by the late Sir Robert Greenhill Russell b^t and still more recently improved by its present possessor Sir Robert Frankland

kitchens built in the yard, and only showing from outside as a vast hipped roof of tiles with a cupola rising out of it. The walls of the present dining-room are lined with very delightful old wainscoting, having flat carved pilasters and inlaid frieze panels. It has been removed from its original home and placed here without injury to its surface, which is very mellow and pleasing, though the darkening and thickening of many old coats of polishing material so far obscures the inlay that the camera scarcely reveals it, however visible and agreeable it is to the eye in its present

condition. The same may be said of the much finer and more elaborate wainscoting of the Great Parlour, which is over the Cromwell Room. This panelling came from an old house in Ipswich. Here the strapwork ornaments of the pilasters and the inlay of the panels are elaborate. The inlay—like that in the famous Elizabethan room at Gilling Castle—is partly geometric and partly of floral scrolls, the latter occurring in the arched panels of the doors and mantel-piece. Opening out of the Great Parlour is the Long Gallery already alluded to. Like the other rooms, it had suffered severely from the Greenhill Gothicism. Even the simple eighteenth century bookcases, probably put there to contain the collection of books made by Colonel and Mrs. Rivett, were covered with base ornamentation, now most happily removed. In this gallery we now find a few scraps of woodwork older than the time of William Hawtrey. They were discovered in a wood-shed, and consist of some linen fold panels now forming a door, and some ceiling bosses carved and painted as Tudor roses. They probably belonged to a ceiling dating, like those at Hampton Court, before plaster was used in England for the purpose, and when ceiling ribs and bosses were made of wood. They are not particularly suitable where they are, for they draw attention to an unsatisfactory ceiling of the Greenhill time, which may some day be replaced by one such as William Hawtrey would have introduced. The history and description of the house, already quite long enough, has yet not covered the whole of the illustrations; but only a word in passing can be said of the ante-room with its tapestried walls, or of the west corridor, which looks out into the unimportant remnant of the old court, and where it was, therefore, perfectly legitimate to gain space and effect by adding an interesting oak mullioned bay window that belonged to the same Ipswich room from which the Great Parlour wainscoting came. It will be seen that the same care and judgment have been used in the furnishing as in the fitting of the rooms. This admirable result has been reached by carefully



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IN THE WEST CORRIDOR.

"C.L."

keeping such bits of furniture belonging to the house that dated from times previous to the "invasion of the Goths," and supplementing this with a large collection of choice examples formed by the present occupier. The Great Parlour well represents this happy mixture, where the day-bed and chairs of Charles II.'s time have old associations with the house, while other pieces of

the same epoch have only recently been brought there. The same double origin characterises the many good pieces of lacquer furniture that are found in several rooms. They deserve special notice, and will shortly be illustrated in these pages. Space only now remains to express the great satisfaction felt by all lovers of England's old country houses that Chequers



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NORTH GALLERY ENTRANCE.

"C.L."

has fallen into such sympathetic and capable hands, and has so largely regained its archaeological interest and æsthetic charm.

T.

THE SIRES OF THE SEASON

THE recent termination of the racing season brings with it the necessity for dealing with many statistics, not the least interesting or instructive of which are those relating to the success or failure of the sires of the day. As last year, so this, the expatriated Cyllene 9, by Bona Vista (4) out of Arcadia, by Isonomy 19 out of Distant Shore, stands at the head of the list; but whereas last year he was able to claim an advantage of little more than 1,000 sovs. over his nearest rival, the sum of money—38,001 sovs.—now placed to his credit leaves him with the substantial margin of something short of 14,000 sovs. to the good. To the total of Cyllene's winnings Lemberg, a half-brother to Bayardo, has been the principal contributor, the aggregate value of the seven races—the Derby included—that he has won this year amounting to 23,819 sovs. There is every reason to believe that Lemberg will do well next year, and inasmuch as in addition to Mr. Fairie's smart three year old, Cyllene has such two year olds as Cellini, Castelline, Cyllius and Lycaon to represent him, it is by no means improbable that we shall have yet further cause to regret that the services of so excellent a stallion have ceased to be available to English breeders. Having made a notable advance since last year, when with some 11,700sovs. to his credit he stood but seventh on the list, St. Frusquin now fills the second place with a total of 24,091 sovs., and the performance is the more meritorious in that Mr. Leopold de Rothschild's gallant old horse—he was foaled in 1893—is represented by eighteen winners ranging from two to five years in age. Chief among these are the three year olds Rosedrop

and Greenback, the former, winner of the Oaks, out of Rosaline (2), a mare by Trenton out of Rosalys, by Bend Or; the latter out of Evergreen (4), by Bend Or. Greenback, it may be added, is a very game and genuine colt. In the Derby he made all the running, and was only beaten by half a length at the finish of the race; nor is there any reason to doubt that, had he not been a sufferer from coughing and its attendant fever, his earnings for the season would have been considerably larger than they were. St. Frusquin is fortunate, too, in having two such two year olds as Pietri and St. Anton to represent him, for as far as it is possible to discriminate between the colts of the year, neither of them is far removed from the top of the tree. Both are owned and bred by Mr. Leopold de Rothschild, and should carry the well-known blue and yellow cap with distinction in the more important of next year's races. Younger by five years than St. Frusquin, William the Third (2), a beautifully bred horse by St. Simon II, comes next with a winning total of 20,145 sovs., put together by seventeen of his stock. To that sum Winkipop (1), a sturdy, well-put-together filly out of Conjure, by Juggler, has contributed 11,430 sovs., and it is but fair to add that her subsequent running went far to support the contention of her trainer, W. Waugh, that but for getting into trouble at Tattenham Corner she, and not Rosedrop, would have been returned the winner of the Oaks. In regard to the actual amount of money won. Wrinkler 3, a filly out of Stolen Love, by Buccaneer, has been the best of William the Third's two year olds; but King William 3, a lengthy upstanding colt out of Glasalt, by Isinglass, is a youngster of great promise, and should all go well with him may well develop into a race-horse of more than ordinary merit. In these days, when so many of our race-horses are lamentably deficient in stamina, it may be



W. A. Rouch.

JOHN O' GAUNT.

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worth while pointing out that William the Third was a first-class stayer, a statement in support of which it may be mentioned that he won the Gold Cup and the Alexandra Plate at Ascot, as well as the Doncaster Cup. Fourth in our list—the same place that he occupied last year—comes Marco 3, by Barcaldine out of Novitiate, by Hermit, for whom seventeen of his winning sons and daughters have put together a total of 16,446 sovs. Mr. Luscombe's horse has no good two year old representative, but the doings of his three year old sons, Bronzino and Neil Gow, the latter especially, have been sufficient to draw renewed attention to his merits as a sire. Little thought of at the commencement of the season, Bronzino, by running third for the Grand Prix, failing by a head only to win the St. Leger and a run-away victory in the Doncaster Cup, revealed the possession of both speed and stamina. With regard to Neil Gow, it cannot be said

that Fortune was greatly on his side. Between him and Lemberg there was little, if any, difference in point of merit, as shown by their two year old running last year and by the desperate battles fought out between them in the Two Thousand Guineas and the Eclipse Stakes; but whereas Lemberg's individual winnings amount to 23,819 sovs., those of his equally brilliant but less fortunate rival stop short at a little over 11,000, a result for which Mr. Fairie's colt is largely indebted to the fact that difficulties, eventually resulting in his retirement from the Turf, arose in connection with the training of Neil Gow.

Persimmon, dead and gone though he be, still keeps his name and fame to the fore, for nineteen of his stock, among them four two year olds, have between them won thirty-one races, amounting in value to 14,324 sovs. Of these, Ulster King, a colt bred by Colonel W. Hall Walker at his Tully Stud, has done best in regard to the amount of money earned, the three races



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WILLIAM THE THIRD.

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with which he is credited amounting in value to a trifle over 4,000 sovs. Prince Palatine, a good-looking two year old colt out of Lady Lightfoot (1), by Isinglass 3, out of famous old Glare, has more than paid for his keep by placing 2,925 sovs. to the credit of his sire. Ninth on the list last year, Desmond 16, foaled in 1896, has improved his position and now stands sixth with a total of 13,640 sovs., put together by winning stock to the number of twenty. Knockfeerna, a good-looking and beautifully bred filly out of Adula (own sister to Pretty Polly), has been the best wage-earner among Desmond's two year olds, having accounted for two races of which the total value is 2,639 sovs., others of his youngsters that have paid their way being Irish King with 1,110 sovs., and the Cocking Bell colt with 1,000 sovs. In the seventh place we can place that grandly bred horse, John o' Gaunt 3, by Isinglass out of La Fleche, by St. Simon. But it is almost entirely to his son Swynford winning the St. Leger and a sum of 10,694 sovs. that Sir John Thursby's horse owes it that his winnings for the year amount to 13,292 sovs. It is only fair, however, to take into consideration that it was only in 1906 that John o' Gaunt retired to the stud, and may therefore point with pride to the fact that he sired a winner of the St. Leger in his very first season at the stud. In connection with the breeding of his son Swynford it is noticeable that, whereas John o' Gaunt himself is brimful of what Bruce Lowe called "sire blood," Canterbury Pilgrim (1), dam of Swynford, brought as her dowry plenty of "running blood," and that of the best, so that the success of Swynford as a race-horse is quite in accordance with what might have been expected by a student of Bruce Lowe's theories with regard to breeding, and it is a point that it might be well to bear in mind in selecting mares for mating with John o' Gaunt. The eighth of the winning sires is Sundridge, a very speedy horse himself and sire of a

goodly number of animals to whom he has transmitted no small measure of his own speed. This year he has had thirteen winners; between them they have won five-and-twenty races, of which the total value comes to rather more than 11,000 sovs. Of his two year olds the best is Sunstar, out of Doris (5), by Loved One (1). The colt has shown good racing ability and, as far as it is possible to form an estimate of the two year old form, should not be more than about 10lb. behind the best of the year. Sundridge himself is a remarkably well-bred horse, though speed, rather than stamina, is indicated by his pedigree, which tells us that he is by Amphion 12 out of Sierra (2), by Springfield.

Last year we were obliged to exclude Mr. George Edwardes's stout-hearted horse Santoi (1), by Queen's Birthday 11, out of Merry Wife, from the select list of the ten leading stallions of the year. But he now takes his place among them, the 9,455 sovs. earned by twenty-one of his sons and daughters in nine-and-twenty races placing him ninth in order of merit. Stamina is the distinguishing characteristic of his stock, though in the shape Prince San has shown as a two year old there seems to be more of a sprinter than most of them.

We come now to the tenth of the successful sires, and, writing subject to correction, it is, I believe, the first time that an American-bred horse has achieved so good a position on the English Turf. Be that as it may, Hamburg, by Hanover out of Lady Reel, by Fellowcraft, can claim that honour, thanks to the 9,353 sovs. earned in twenty-four races won by one or another of his stock. By far the biggest winner of these is Borrow, a more or less lucky winner of the Middle Park Plate, in which he finished a neck in front of Seaforth and Pietri, from both of whom he was in receipt of 6lb. T. H. B.

ON THE GREEN.

EDITED BY HORACE HUTCHINSON.

PRIVATE COURSES.—II.

CERTAINLY one of the most ingenious and amusing of private courses is that belonging to Mr. Ernest Lehmann at Ifield Lodge, near Crawley in Sussex. A glance at the plan will show that the first epithet is well deserved, and a day's golf there affords conclusive evidence as to the second. The course consists of two fields, one large and one narrow, and another narrow strip which is seen at the right-hand side of the plan. This third strip runs close to the house and looks as if it had at some time or other been ruthlessly cut out of the lawn. The whole extent of available ground is under fourteen acres, and there are but five putting greens in all; yet fifteen distinct and separate holes are played in the course of a round, only three of the best being played twice over in order to make up the eighteen. A very little patience in unravelling the cat's cradle on the plan will show how this result is arrived at. The distinction between some of the holes is not, of course, very great, as, for instance, in the case of the second and tenth; but still the fact of teeing a little further forward or back, and rather more to the left or right as the case may be, does make quite enough difference to be interesting.

The ground is for the most part flat, and artificial bunkers there is none; but there are plenty of natural hazards in the form of trees, hedges and ditches, and, in addition, small clumps of firs have been planted to guard the third and fourth greens. One of the most terrifying hazards is unfortunately hardly shown on the plan. Between the main field and the right-hand strip may be seen the word "Ditch," an alarming word enough, but not half so alarming as the "Row of Tall Trees," which should

have been added, and with which the visitor is almost certain to make all too intimate an acquaintance in the course of the round.

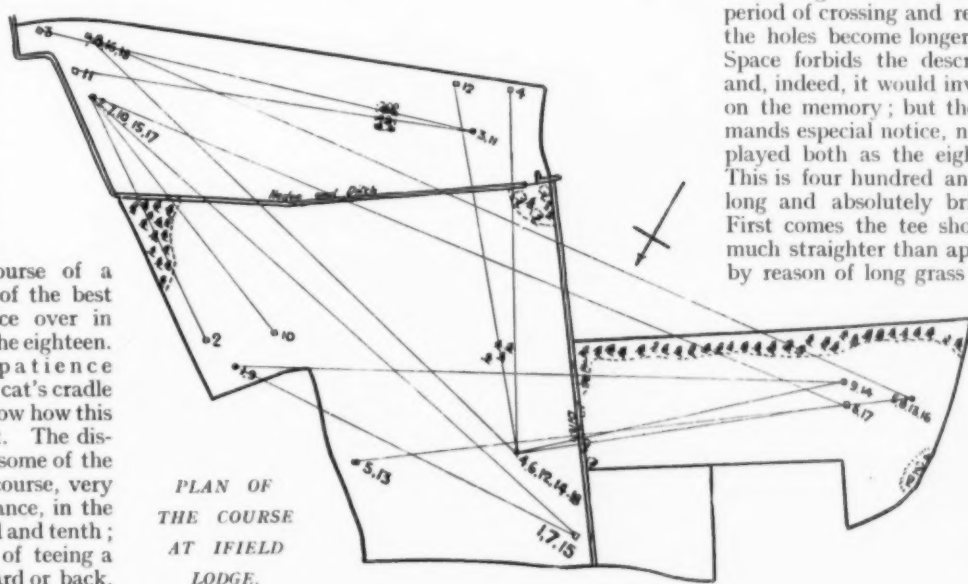
A word or two of explanation may help to elucidate the plan. At the first onset the player tackles the five holes in their ordinary rotation. Played in this manner they are not particularly long, since the second, third and fourth can be reached in one shot. The fifth, however, is an exceedingly difficult one, for there the shot must not only carry the aforesaid ditch and row of trees, but must also fly straight as an arrow between a further belt of trees on the left and an out-of-bounds territory on the right.

After the first four holes the period of crossing and recrossing begins, and the holes become longer and more exacting. Space forbids the description of them all, and, indeed, it would involve a severe strain on the memory; but there is one that demands especial notice, namely, that which is played both as the eighth and eighteenth. This is four hundred and sixty-seven yards long and absolutely bristles with dangers. First comes the tee shot, which has to be much straighter than appears from the plan, by reason of long grass lurking at the side.

Then with the second shot the row of trees has to be carried at a most awkward angle and without the adventitious aid of a tee. Then comes a nice running approach, and if all goes well, a five, but it is one of the best fives in

existence. There is much more that could be said about the various holes on this charming little course, but we must get now to the sterner realities of life in the form of finance. Mr. Lehmann has most kindly given us very full particulars of the expenses of upkeep.

The regular staff consists of a professional at thirty shillings a week and a boy to help him at nine shillings, and these two cut, sweep and roll the course between them. Beyond these wages Mr. Lehmann estimates roughly that he spends some twenty or thirty pounds a year on the course, and here the fact should be emphasised by one who has played there that the greens are



excellent and the whole course in apple-pie order. The chief work consists of cutting the course, which is done by a motor-mower, which can be worked by the professional alone. The thirsty mower consumes in a long summer's day some two gallons of petrol, and in two such days can cut the whole course. Besides this the rough has to be kept down to a reasonable length, for which two cuttings usually suffice, but as many as four have been necessary. This is done as a rule by the employment of a neighbouring farmer with his cutting machine and horses. There are, of course, various heavy initial expenses to be considered: the cost of the motor-mower, which is just under a hundred pounds, of a light iron and a light wooden roller and a small machine for cutting greens. How much should be allowed in the year's balance-sheet for depreciation of plant could doubtless be decided by one skilled in such matters. It is beyond the present writer.

Another most attractive private course is that belonging to Mr. P. H. Morton, of Cambridge bowling fame, at Wixenford, near Wokingham. It is particularly interesting, since it may even now be forming the training-ground of future champions. Mr. Morton is a schoolmaster, and in the Easter term, that interregnum between football and cricket, the boys play golf most vigorously. The course is a nine-hole one, and here there is no crossing. Indeed, a herd of small boys playing on such a network of holes as Mr. Lehmann's would very soon murder each other. Mr. Morton is the proud possessor of some fine gorse bushes, which are preserved from destruction by a compulsory lifting rule, and there are also some trees, a stream, artificial sand bunkers, and, if we remember aright, an alluring cabbage garden on the left of the eighth green. The putting greens are very good, rather faster than many inland greens, and possessed of some interesting curls and hollows. The holes are not enormously long, and the stranger is under the impression that he ought to accomplish a low score, but somehow or other he does not do it. At least, he does not do it unless he is playing his approach shots with the greatest accuracy.

The sixth, a shot hole with a seductive little bunker just to the right of the pin, and the eighth, with a really thrilling tee shot over a stream and between two sentinel trees, are two that impress themselves on the memory; but, indeed, they are all entertaining, and the whole course provides the most capital fun.

Mr. Morton's budget, which he has kindly given us, differs from that of many owners of private courses in that golf is only played at Wixenford during four months of the year, namely, December, January, February and March, and there is not a great deal of play till the middle of January. In every other year hay is made over the course; but whether there is haycutting or grazing, there is the same difficulty in getting the grass on the fairway to a proper degree of shortness, since it continues to grow up to the middle of November. Besides his own cattle, Mr. Morton borrows those of his neighbours, and between them they crop his course for him and save the expense of mowing through the green. The mowing of the putting greens begins in August, and thus by October they are found to be in fair condition. There is generally some patching to be done, and then at the beginning of November they have their first rolling.

During five months of the year, therefore, there is nothing to do to the course, and during two months very little indeed. The cost of upkeep is, moreover, difficult to estimate, since all the work is done by Mr. Morton's own gardeners, and it is hard to separate their golfing from their gardening.

ASHDOWN FOREST MADE PERFECT.

THEY have two alterations in progress, both in the nature of extensions, of the Ashdown Forest course, which will end in making this one of the very best, as it is even now one of the most picturesque, inland greens in the country. Picturesque—a bit of Scotland in a Southern shire—it could never fail to be, but the golf up to now has erred on the side of shortness. Continually, for the last year or two, alterations have been made in the way of stretching it. The most notable already achieved is that of the fifth hole, where a very indifferent three hole has been turned into one that a man is quite pleased to do in five. The changes now in progress are at the eleventh and the seventeenth holes. The eleventh always has been a good hole, because the green lies on a ridge which makes it difficult to get the second shot to stay near the hole and, therefore, makes the four, which

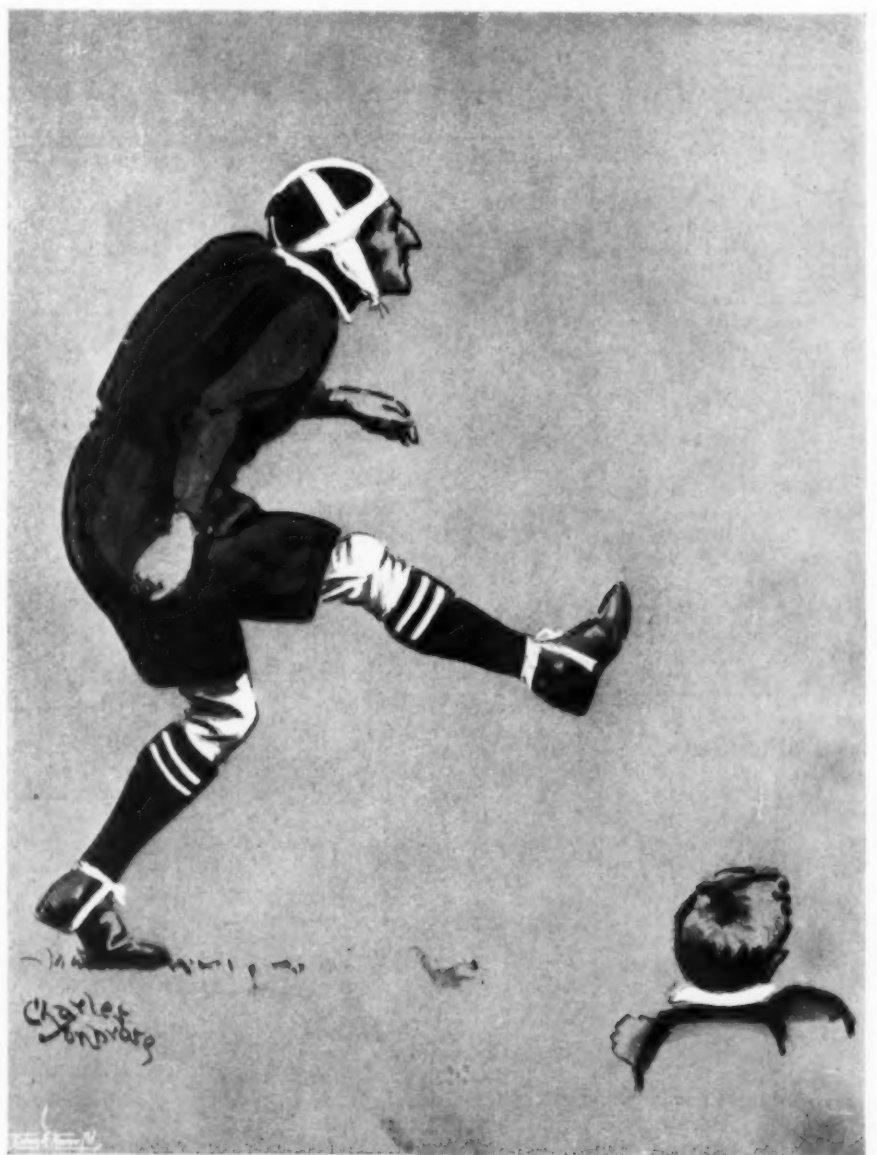
is the right "paper" figure, a more than commonly satisfactory figure to write on the paper. By grace of present alterations the second shot will now have to be a very long one to reach the green. The green will be less difficult to stay on, but there is a natural pit or two about it which will guard it well. It will be a better hole than ever in four. The alteration at the seventeenth hole will have a like effect of making a four a very creditable figure; but whereas the eleventh always was a good hole, the seventeenth always was a bad one, especially bad as coming at that point of the course where it is traditional to have a long testing hole in order to give the man who is down a chance of recovering. The seventeenth, which we are about to lose, was a wretched four hole; it could be done in four by any kind of commonplace play that avoided the heinous sin of topping the tee shot; but the new seventeenth will be a really good hole in four, difficult to reach in two. The changes which will have the final effect of moving the Ashdown Forest course a peg up in the scale, and placing it in the A1 category, are that already accomplished at the fifth hole and that in process at the seventeenth. The greens will never be quite as perfect as on courses where the cattle can be kept off them. The soil is rather peculiar; but it is certain that the authorities—Rowe and the Green Committee—that have them in charge are gradually learning by experience the best way to deal with them, and the result is that by the year after next this course will be as good as any inland green in the country. It is already perhaps the most beautiful.

AMATEURS V. PROFESSIONALS AT STOKE POGES.

If we, that is to say the Oxford and Cambridge Golfing Society, go to Stoke Poges and engage the professionals, receiving three holes up in each round, we ought to be ashamed of ourselves if we do not beat them. It is quite likely that we shall be ashamed, accordingly, but we certainly ought to be able to hold them if we get no more than two up on the round. Of course, the case of Sherlock is rather an exceptional one. It is always terrible work playing a professional on the course on which he passes all his waking and some of his sleeping hours; but, for the rest, two holes all round ought about to represent the difference.

THE UNIVERSITY CAPTAINS.

THIS year's University match will not easily be forgotten, and the names of the two captains, Mr. Turner of Oxford and Mr. Fraser of Cambridge, are assured of an honourable place in football history. Both can look back on their own personal share in the match with great satisfaction. Besides being a fine forward,



MR. TURNER.

Mr. Turner has by his consistently excellent place-kicking contributed in no small degree to the scores which Oxford have so relentlessly piled up against their unfortunate opponents. Almost as regularly as their famous left wing, Mr. Poulton and Mr. Geen, scored tries, did Mr. Turner increase those tries into goals, and against Cambridge he kicked four goals in five attempts. One or two of them, it is true, were simple enough; but the best of men, especially on a great occasion, may miss the easiest of kicks, even as Braid may miss a yard putt or Mr. Jessop, once in a century, a catch. Mr. Turner never gave his supporters the least anxiety, for the ball each time soared beautifully between the posts, and the goal was never in doubt. He had a most gallant rival in Mr. Lockhart of Cambridge, who kicked two of the finest goals imaginable from close to the touch-line.

Mr. Fraser led the Cambridge forwards throughout with the greatest dash and spirit, and after the first few minutes of the match they all did nobly. Five of the eight of them came from Pembroke, Mr. Fraser's own college, so that the Pembroke pack must indeed be terrible in college matches. Incidentally it must be a long time, if, indeed, such a thing ever happened before, since there was not a single Trinity man in the Cambridge fifteen. Mr. Fraser has had a good deal of criticism to contend with, and his team often failed to do themselves justice, but he stuck resolutely to the team that he thought best, and his judgment was splendidly vindicated at Queen's Club. If only that three-quarter had not been hurt—that, however, is "another story." Both Mr. Fraser and his side covered themselves with glory.

MY FIRST SHOW.

ALTHOUGH the first forty years of my life were spent in London, I always longed to reside in the country, and as soon as enough capital could be spared from my city business I bought a small farm within easy reach of town. I had been told that anyone with a thorough business training could make a handsome profit at farming. Experience has taught me that practical knowledge is as necessary in agriculture as in any other undertaking, and it was due to a lack of this necessary qualification that for several years my farming was unprofitable. It was when I was busy buying experience that my first visit to an agricultural show took place.

"A tenant farmer sells a Shorthorn bull for £500." This heading in my daily paper attracted my attention. Then followed a short article in which it was estimated that this bull was worth £10 the day it was born, that the cost of rearing it was £50, the value of the prizes it had won equalled £25, leaving a profit of £465. Here was my chance! If a tenant farmer could make such a profit, surely I could follow suit. That very day I wrote to a livestock commission agent and ordered a young bull suitable for exhibition, and on the agent's recommendation paid 70 guineas for one aged nine months. When my purchase arrived, James, my coachman, a capital fellow who would turn his hand to anything, took charge of it.

"A man what knows 'ow a 'oss h'ought to be done h'ought to be h'able to see to a calf," was James's reply when I asked him if he understood rearing cattle. I explained that the bull was to be prepared for exhibition at a large agricultural show. "Give me plenty of h'oats and good 'ay," said James, "and h'i'll turn h'any h'animal h'out h'as h'it should be."

My groom, in fact, seemed quite an authority on cattle, and he informed me that the bull's "air was coarse"; but he added: "When h'I've clipped 'im h'out, singed 'im, and have rugged 'im h'up for a month you won't know 'im."

When the showday arrived I was the first visitor to the showyard; in fact, I was at the gates before they were open. After some delay a policeman admitted me by a back door. My first impression of the show was that it consisted of nothing but agricultural implements camping out; but I found seedsmen, makers of patent cattle-food, purveyors of horse medicines and their various wares also under canvas, but no sign of any cattle.

At first I addressed one or two persons whom I found at their stands, and asked if they could direct me to the livestock. They were all extremely civil and invited me to look at their exhibits, which they assured me "would not detain me a minute." These minutes seemed hours and were very expensive. So anxious was I to escape from these polite and pushing salesmen, that I bought "a patent churn that would produce butter in three minutes," "a turnip-slicer that a child could work," and



MR. FRASER.

various other labour-saving appliances, all of which seemed so simple and economical at the show, but which proved so complicated and dear at home.

When at last I found the cattle section of the show my bull was already in the judging-ring. Greatly excited, I joined a crowd who were watching forty bulls being led round a circular enclosure. There seemed to me a great similarity between mine and about twenty others, excepting that my entry struck me as looking like a thorough-bred horse would do among a lot of cart-horses. Yes, my bull was sleek, well-trained and active, whereas his competitors were slow of gait and loaded with fat.

James was luckily the first man to catch the judge's eye. Immediately he passed in front of the judges they ordered him to lead my bull away from the others to one end of the enclosure. The rest of the animals were drawn up in a line, and after a close inspection, first one and then another were sent to join mine.

Quite a small crowd of cattlemen and on-lookers were by this time close to James, and evidently criticising my exhibit, so, wishing to hear his praises sung, I joined the throng. Praises, did I say? Why I found everybody jeering at my bull. "They jolly soon called him out," said one. "I never saw a bull with less hair," remarked another. "I'm blessed if he has'n't been clipped," laughed a third. "Are you running him in the Derby?" shouted a rude fellow to James, who had clad himself in extra "horsey" attire for the occasion. The worst blow of all that I received was when a stranger turned to me and remarked: "What a pity anyone should have so spoilt a good animal, when I sold him as a calf he had a lovely mossy coat and he was as fat as a mole. Now look at him! He is not worth a quarter of what I sold him for."

I now realised my bull was certainly first—the first one that the judges had discarded. Sick at heart I hurried away and caught the first train home. James returned with the bull after a few days, apparently not at all crestfallen. "Judges!" he said, with scorn. "Call themselves judges!" Why they never felt the legs of none of the bulls.

W.

LITERATURE.

A BOOK OF THE WEEK.

SIR GEORGE DOUGLAS is to be congratulated on the achievement of a difficult task. *The Book of Scottish Poetry* (Fisher Unwin) is now before me. It is a great and important anthology, differing altogether from those collections which have flowed from the press in an unending stream since the issue of "The Open Road," by Mr. Lucas, to whom the compliment of imitation has been most lavishly paid. Sir George Douglas had to do with a nation which, though comparatively barren of distinguished contemporaries to the English and Victorian "nest of singing birds" consisting of Tennyson, Browning, Swinburne, Morris, Arnold and Rossetti, is rich in poetic literature. The Scotch are a peculiar and highly interesting people, compounded of many strange elements. No better business men exist, nor any more capable of driving a hard bargain, yet they have a tenderness which too frequently degenerates into maudlin sentimentality. They are so devout that such phrases as "Scotch Presbyterian" and "Covenanter" have come into our vocabulary as describing the strict and austere, with a suspicion of the Pharisee thrown in; yet much of their literature is broad, sensual and irreverent. Add to this "Holy Willie" element the pawkiness and canniness of Scottish humour; add, too, the qualities of independence and sturdy perseverance, with a deep capacity for romance lying in the background. Great writers have loved to put all this frankly into their poetry, and the qualities have persisted from Dunbar to Burns. The former's "Ane brash of wowing," although as obviously unfit as certain parts of "Don Juan" "to enter into families," and therefore, properly enough, excluded from this anthology, presents a genuine trait in Scottish character. Among the copious quotations from Dunbar there is not one which shows with sufficient clearness his mental relationship with the Ayrshire peasant. Some of the Edinburgh street scenes in "The Flyting" and "Now Fayre, Fayrest of every Fayre" might have been selected to show that these two, undisputedly the greatest Scottish poets, joined together in the same way close observation of humorous detail and the truest lyric fervour. It is remarkable that the tradition of writing poetry, which is a many-sided expression of the national temperament, was oftener handed down by women than by men. Sir George Douglas himself dwelt enthusiastically on this fact when, nearly a score of years ago, he wrote an introduction to the "Poems of the Scottish Minor Poets." This work was dedicated to Lady John Scott of Spottiswoode, "who by her songs has worthily maintained the traditions of Scottish Poetry of Grisell Baillie, Jane Elliott and Carolina Oliphant." The very names plead most invitingly for some brief glance at the Scottish Lady (old style). No other country in the world produces exactly the same sort of great dame. She was not afraid to speak Scotch, but it was the Scotch of Education and a true refinement (that was not always on the surface!). She had been brought up in a country that was in the true sense of the word liberal, and had been accustomed to a share in the fun as well as in the higher thoughts of men. Look at the songs of a woman like Lady Nairne. Sir Walter himself might have been proud in his most inspired moment to have written "The Laird o' Cockpen." Its robust masculine humour was in his own best style, and we cannot wonder that he liked to repeat the verse:

Dumbfounder'd was he; nae sigh did he gie,
He mounted his mare, he rade cannily;
And aften he thought as he gaed thro' the glen,
"She's daft to refuse the Laird o' Cockpen!"

But the same hand that gave us this immortal bit of humour also wrote "The Land o' the Leal," and such fine songs as "Call'er Herrin'" and "The Lass o' Gowrie." Scotland until now has not produced a vast number of professional women writers, but the country always seems to have possessed ladies who in their leisure, or perhaps under exceptional stress, produced a poem or two that were real additions to literature. Cases in point are Lady Grisell Baillie's "Werena my heart licht I wad dee," Lady Jane Elliott's "I've heard them liting at our ewe-milking," Alison Rutherford's "I've seen the smiling of Fortune beguiling."

The race is not extinct. In COUNTRY LIFE we do not publish much verse in the Scottish dialect, because it is not always easy to understand, but an exception was made of the following poem. Curiously enough, the piece was printed, through a misunderstanding, in one of our oldest and best literary monthlies two years after it had appeared in our pages. We seem to see along with the fine natural pathos a pawky glint in the eye of the authoress that might have shone also in the eyes of Lady Nairne:

Laddie, my lad, as ye gang at the tail o' the plough
And the days draw in,
When the burning yellow's awa' that was aince a-lowe
On the braes of whin,

Do ye mind o' me that bides in the wearyfu' south
While the rowan turns,
And the bracken fades on the knowes at the river's mouth
In the Howe o' the Mearns?

There was nae two lads frae the Grampians down to the Tay
That could best us twa;
At bothie or dance, or the field on a footba' day
We could sort them a'.

And at courting-time, when the stars keeked down on the glen
Through the thiek of ferns,
It was you an' me got the pick of the basket then,
In the Howe o' the Mearns.

London is fine, an' for ilk o' the lasses at hame
There'll be saxty here,
But the hairst-time comes and the Spring, an' it's aye the same
Through the changefu' year;
And the wheels ding on a' day when I'm wearying still
For the sound o' burns,
And they're thrashing now at the white farm up on the hill
In the Howe o' the Mearns.

If I mind mysel' and deave for the best o' my days
While my ee'n can see,
When I'm auld and done wi' the fash of their English ways
I'll come hame to dee;
For the lad dreams aye o' the prize that the man'll get,
But he lives and learns
And it's far, far ayont him still, but it's further yet
To the Howe o' the Mearns.

Laddie, my lad, when the hair is white on ye're pow
And the work's put past,
And ye're hand's owre auld and heavy to haud the plough,
I'll win hame at last.
An' we'll bide our time on the knowes where the broom shines braw
And the whin'flower burns,
Till the last lang gloaming shall creep on us baith, and fa'
On the Howe o' the Mearns.

To select pieces from living authors for a work of this kind must have been a delicate task; but if it had to be done, it is worth considering if means could not be invented to capture any exceptionally fine work that has appeared in periodical literature. There are so many poets and so few good judges! From time to time a beautiful poem gets printed and receives the admiration of a fastidious and discerning minority. In this particular case, when all is so sweet and so true, and when fineness of sentiment is never allowed to pass into sentimentality, there is no room for doubt.

Concerning the selection generally it may be said that Sir George Douglas judges always with care and taste, and if there are omissions, this was only to be expected. Nevertheless, some are surprising. Take the ballads, for example. Why was "O, Waly, Waly up the bank" left out? It is of its kind first, as truly so as "The Border Widow" is in its way supreme. Where can its poignant plaintive pathos be matched? Nor can we understand the omission of "Leezy Lindsay"—the innumerable versions would prove, if that were needed, how adequately it expresses one side of Scottish character. Nor can we understand how a poet editor allowed himself to cut down "The Four Maries" into four verses, omitting the finest:

O, little did my mother ken
That day she cradled me
The lands I was to travel in,
The death I was to dee,

The collection is poor in Jacobite song, and poor also in that local patriotic verse of which a typical example is the omitted "O gin I were where Gadie rins."

It is a pity that Sir George Douglas did not write for this book an introduction similar to the essay prefixed to his book of minors. For it is certain that he has a reason for the omissions, since his knowledge of Scottish verse is exhaustive and unrivalled. And it could not have been want of space, since the extracts are in many instances very long, and could have been reduced to advantage. Sir George gives no fewer than fifteen pages to "Hugh Haliburton," a real, but minor poet. He might have saved fourteen pages and occupied them with one or two of the things of charm to which we have alluded. On the other hand, it was with delighted surprise that we came upon many examples of old-fashioned Scottish humour which appear to be neglected by the general, such as "My mither men't my auld breeks," "There cam' a strange wight to our town-en," and "Maggie Lauder," though we missed "The wife o' Auchtermuchty." P.

BEHIND THE SCENES.

Anne Kempburn, Truthseeker, by Marguerite Bryant. (William Heinemann.)

THIS is a "Labour" story. Its heroine is a girl who cannot understand life and cannot bear it. There are many like her, and her mental state is the mental state that is causing the world a great deal of bother just now. She is driven to make some effort to set things right, to understand the reason of the misery

around her, and to decide which of the many remedies is the right one. So she goes down into the highways and hedges to do it. There she comes into direct contact with Labour leaders and trade unions, with Socialists and "out-of-works." She sees behind the scenes; watches the working of the unions; comes across the great facts that fight for ever against the theorists. It takes her all the book to get at the truth; but being sane and sound and simple, she does it in the end. What her conclusion is the reader must discover for himself. The story of the trade unions and their masters, and of the capitalists and their servants, is very interesting. The great Labour leaders are especially well drawn.

LOVE AT SCHOOL.

Master and Maid, by L. Allen Harker. (John Murray.)

THE same quiet charm and humour and the same shrewd and gentle dealing with life and men that distinguished "Miss Esperance and Mr. Wycherly" distinguish this new story by the same author, and lift it a long way above the ordinary ruck of novels. In all the characters who move in and out of the tale there is something of the "eternal child" for whom Mrs. Allen Harker has such an unerring eye. Sallie, the delightful, irresponsible, honourable little Irish girl who upsets B. House, Hanchester College, from top to bottom, is frankly a child; Tony Bevan, its head-master, the old friend of her father's into whose charge Sallie is given, has much of the child about him in his simplicity and straightness; even in Miss Foster, the stern, narrow lady housekeeper of B. House, there appears some touch of a secondary being not entirely grown-up and rigid and set; while Mrs. Atwood herself, who is in love with Sallie's lover when she ought to love her own husband, is funnier than she knows and not half as wicked as she thinks—just like a child. Hers was "a nature that continually posed, as much to quicken its own spirit as to impress others"—a shrewd touch that. The whole story is charming; light in treatment but never losing sight of the deeper currents of life; and as wholesome and good-tempered throughout as its delightful little heroine.

A ROMANCE OF KENT.

The Broad Highway, by Jeffery Farnol. (Sampson Low and Co.)

PERHAPS the mark of the machine is not altogether absent from this story, which runs on the well-worn lines of a well-known literary school and has some rather irritating mannerisms of style, such as a familiar colloquial method of recital, with incessant conversations and sentences beginning with "Now as I went, pondering on true happiness," and too many "Ohs,"—"Oh, Peter," "Oh, Charmian," "Oh, George," etc. But if Mr. Farnol could kick his mould to pieces, he would still find his story inside it, and that is high praise. Peter Vibart is a disinherited philosopher, to whom his uncle has left ten guineas down, and five hundred thousand pounds if he marries the Lady Sophia Sefton within a year, the same conditional inheritance being left to his wicked cousin Maurice. That is more than enough for Peter. Nothing on earth will persuade him even to try to marry the Lady Sophia, whom he has never seen and does not want to, since all he knows of her is that she is a reigning beauty and a toast and a termagant, and as self-willed as beautiful. So off he goes on the broad highway with his ten guineas, and forthwith begins a series of tremendous adventures, the end of which is that he finds himself established in an empty and haunted cottage as a blacksmith at ten shillings a week, and speedily entangled in complications with Prue, the publican's daughter, and Black George, her mighty lover, and with the Ancient and the Tinker, and last, but not least, his wicked cousin, whose highly unfortunate likeness to himself causes manifold misunderstandings throughout the story, and with the beautiful and mysterious "Charmian," who, pursued by Maurice, takes refuge in Peter's hut one night and likes it so well that she stays there. Murders, robberies, wrestlings, abductions, mysterious flights, alarms, heaps of love and a good deal of blood abound in this country tale of the old days. All the figures except the Ancient, who is delightful, are perhaps a little stagey and a little stale; Peter's moralisings are not very original, and there is too much of them—and yet the book is a good one. The story holds good in spite of its author's mistaken predictions, and we repeat, that if Mr. Farnol would break his mould, his work would emerge from it in triumph.

THE LOVE OF A GYPSY.

The Faithful Failure, by Rosamond Napier. (Duckworth and Co.)

THERE is a singular and appealing charm in Miss Rosamond Napier's new novel, *The Faithful Failure*; that charm is individual, it has a certain fragrant elusive quality, and is strongly reminiscent of her first book, "The Heart of a Gypsy." Miss Napier is a lover of Nature, a poet and perhaps something of a philosopher; it is impossible to reach the close of this story of a little group of people whom it is a real delight to have known without coming to this conclusion. Briefly, the story is concerned with the romance of the love of Kit Serocold, a buoyant and artistic personality ever dogged by the shadow of ill-health, and that of Yoe Hope, who, under the cloud of her father's disgrace, accepts a grudging hospitality from the hands of a rich relation. Kit Serocold, the faithful failure of the title, the happy-go-lucky, lovable and vagrant boy-man, is made very real to us from the moment when he meets the shy and miserable Yoe—a stranger to him—and strikes up an acquaintance with her with ingenuous inconsequence, to that when we take leave of him accepting his fate with characteristic spirit. The story of his love for Yoe, his snatch at happiness, his punishment and Yoe's awakening to her mistake—to realisation of her love for Max Chinoch—is sympathetically and gracefully told. But it is in the presentation and development of the character of Kit, rather than in any strength of plot, that the author has won her success. In him she has portrayed a very attractive personality; through all his faults and weaknesses, and they are many, his loveliness, his intense humanness and the sturdy quality of his spirit remain. Miss Napier's novel deserves attention.

RECORD HEADS.

Records of Big Game, by Rowland Ward. Sixth edition.

THE sixth edition of Mr. Rowland Ward's *Records of Big Game* has just been published, the last having appeared in 1907. It is the most useful book which any big-game-hunter can possess, being indeed indispensable, and contains little which can be criticised. It might, perhaps, have been an advantage when the idea first originated if, in addition to the measurements of specimens, the year when they were killed had been included. The present edition has been brought up to date, the classification of species rendered more complete, the measurements of new specimens given and several fresh photographs reproduced. Of these the most interesting are the Arabian oryx (*Oryx beatrix*), first killed by Mr. Douglas Carruthers, and the mountain nyala (*Tragelaphus Buxtoni*),

killed by Mr. Ivor Buxton in the mountains of North-West Gallaland. There is also a photograph of Mr. Vanderbilt's fine barasingh (*Cervus cashmirianus*) killed this year. Red deer (*Cervus elaphus*) are first dealt with, and include a more complete list of New Zealand specimens, in which, very properly, the North Island heads are distinguished from those killed in the South. The reindeer (*Rangifer tarandus*) is placed between the muntjacs (*Cervulus muntjac*) and the roedeer (*Capreolus caprea*). An interesting letter from Mr. J. G. Millais on the judging of a reindeer head is given. The Chilean guemal (*Mazama [Xenelaphus] bisulca*) is distinguished from the nearly related Peruvian guemal (*Mazama [Xenelaphus] antisiensis*), and the Saikik gazelle (*Gazella yarcandensis*) from the goitred (*Gazella subgutturosa*). Kennion's gazelle (*Gazella fuscifrons*) serves to connect the Atlas gazelle (*Gazella Cervieri*), to which it is closely allied, with the chinkara (*Gazella Bennettii*). The gazelle formerly known as Rothschild's is described as the Mongala race (*Gazella rufifrons albo-notata*) of the Korin or red-fronted gazelle (*Gazella rufifrons*). Grant's gazelle (*Gazella Granti*) is subdivided into the typical East African form, the usukuma (*Gazella Granti Robertsii*) and the Tana race (*Gazella Granti Petersii*) found on the coast districts of East Africa. The musk ox (*Ovibos moschatus*) is now placed after the takin (*Budorcas taxicolor*) and the Rocky Mountain goat (*Oreamnus montanus*). There is a new photograph of Mr. Van der Byl's West Caucasian tur (*Capra caucasica*) and another of Prince E. Demidoff's specimen of the Eastern variety (*Capra cylindricornis*). Mr. W. F. Sheard's specimen of the Rocky Mountain bighorn (*Ovis canadensis*), which, according to the owner's measurements, was nearly ten inches longer than any known specimen, is conspicuous by its absence, as is the same gentleman's twelve-pointer wapiti (*Cervus canadensis typicus*). The Central Asiatic sheep or argalis are regarded as races of a single species, and are clearly classified under nine heads, ranging through various gradations from the Tibetan argali (*Ovis ammon Hodgsoni*) to the *Ovis ammon poli* of the Pamirs. Mr. St. George Littledale's magnificent specimen, formerly placed under *Ovis ammon Littledalei*, is now given under its proper heading of Siberian argali (*Ovis Ammon typicus*). Mr. D. Carruthers's Bokhara argali (*Ovis ammon nigromontana*) is included. The African buffalo (*Bos caffer*) is subdivided into three races—the Southern form (*Bos caffer typicus*), the Northern race (*Bos caffer aquinoctialis*) and the various short-horned races. Hints are given as to the proper manner in which to record measurements, and complete a volume which really leaves nothing to be desired.

THE YOUNG HOUSEKEEPER.

Housekeeping Made Easy, by Mrs. Waldemar Leverton. (George Newnes, Limited.)

IN this little book a genuine effort has been made to provide the young housekeeper with a guide in the many difficulties which beset the tyro. Not only is a generous portion of the book devoted to the kitchen and food generally, but valuable suggestions are made on such subjects as carpets and floor-coverings, walls and their decorative treatment, domestic needlework, laundry-work, the care of indoor plants and cut flowers, and a variety of household matters, such as are always cropping up and proving such fertile sources of worry until they are properly mastered.

BOOKS TO ORDER FROM THE LIBRARY.

Marie-Claire, par Marguerite Audoux. (Paris: Bibliothèque-Charpentier.)
Clayhanger, by Arnold Bennett. (Methuen.)
The Cradle of the Deep, by Sir Frederick Treves. (Smith, Elder.)

CORRESPONDENCE.

"UNFIT FOR INFANTS."

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I am very glad you have called attention to the way in which official regulations are neglected in country districts. I notice that on some brands of tinned milk a warning is given that it is not suitable for young children; but in the shop of the village where I live the popular brands bear nothing except the description "Machine Skimmed Milk" and the place of origin. Anyone who goes about the country and sees what wretched hordes of children are being produced under modern conditions will be inclined to endorse every word you have said. If those who are conducting a health campaign in the country by means of caravans would take this matter up, they would deserve well of the country. The English peasant has no idea whatever of the causes of ill-health. The women choose and cook the food with a complete lack of intelligence. They are much more wasteful than the middle classes. They know nothing of the virtue of soup, and they are accustomed to pick out the best of the meat and throw the rest away. Infants, almost as soon as they can eat, are given the food of their elders, especially tea that has been boiled and cooked till it is poisonous with tannin, bits of fish, meat and even drops of beer. In clothing, the only idea of the cottage woman is to heap on her offspring whatever clothes are available. She has no idea of hardening and training them, and does not at all recognise that the best way to keep clear of colds is to lay in an abundance of fuel in the shape of wholesome food. Again, the ventilation of the cottage is awful. I know a man with five children whose wife, of course, has to do all her washing, etc., inside; yet, when he comes home, his idea of comfort is to close every door and window and prevent the slightest access of fresh air. Is it to be wondered at that a generation brought up in this way should be delicate and susceptible to all the ills that are going? Another branch of the subject, which ought to be dealt with at greater length than I can do to-day, is the neglect of ordinary sanitary regulations. What a Medical Officer of Health does I do not know, nor does anybody I have asked. In the village from which I write there is a row of cottages with an allowance of one outside closet to four cottages, and no arrangement for cleaning even that. There are pigsties close to the door of even tolerably good houses, and the consequence is that the village is never absolutely clear of diphtheria. It is not an exceptional village. There are hundreds like it in various parts of Great Britain, and this condition is not due to the lack of regulations that could put an end to these most objectionable practices, but to the fact that such regulations are a dead letter. The Medical Officer of Health, who depends upon the people in the district for a livelihood, is not in the habit of finding fault with his clients, and there are very few who would take upon themselves the invidious and unpopular course of becoming informers. If a fiftieth part of the energy spent by factory inspectors in harassing places of business was devoted to the sanitation in English villages, England would speedily be a healthier and a better land.—RUSTICUS.

RING-TAILED LEMURS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I shall be much obliged if you will allow me through your paper to express my sincere thanks to all those of your readers who sent answers to my letter about my ring-tailed lemur and gave me a great deal of most useful information as to the diet and care of these pets. I have been so much interested in all the accounts sent by other owners of these very attractive little animals, and am not surprised to find what general favourites they are.—M. A. SANDERSON.

IN THE NORTH-WEST.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—The enclosed photographs show rather a typical cabin in the North-West Donegal Highlands. In one photograph the pig is seen disappearing to his bed, which was on one side of the turf fire and the baby's cradle on the other side.—M. L. HARTLEY.

HARES AND THEIR YOUNG.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Can any observer, from his own personal experience, or that of any friend whose name he can communicate to me, say how the doe hare moves her young from their birth form to their separate suckling forms? Also at what date after birth the young are generally distributed? I know this varies, or did years ago, and I specially want some typical cases with reference to weather conditions. The first movement of the young must not be confounded with a subsequent regathering together, removal and second dispersal, which not infrequently occurs. My own evidence is over thirty years old, and both the men who made original observations have long been dead, and cannot now be questioned further even if their memories after such a lapse of time were trustworthy. No doubt some of the younger generation of naturalists have studied the ways of the hare as carefully as did their elders, and have gathered the same interesting information.—E. A. WOODRUFFE-PEACOCK.

A BUSHWOOD GARDEN.

[TO THE EDITOR.]

SIR,—I am thinking of making a bush fruit garden and wish to enclose it with galvanised wire-netting, but at the outset I am met with the difficulty of what mesh to use. I am told half-inch mesh is necessary, as nothing larger will keep out tits, who eat off the buds. I should be much obliged if you or any of the readers of COUNTRY LIFE could give me advice as to what is the largest mesh



THE PIG GOES TO BED.

that can safely be used. In "The Fruit Garden," by Bunyard and Thomas, published at your offices, there is an illustration opposite page 50 of what I intend, but I can find no mention of the size of mesh to be used.—F. J. H.

[We do not think it would be safe to use wire-netting with a larger mesh than half-inch. Tits will get through a very small hole, and as wire-netting is stretched taut it affords them a good opportunity of squeezing through. Old fish-netting of a slightly larger mesh can be used if hung rather slack.—Ed.]

SEVEN BRITISH OWLS

[TO THE EDITOR.]

SIR,—The interesting and beautifully illustrated paper thus headed brings to mind many little memories of the way in which these birds were regarded, and may be still, by country-folk. An owl was looked upon in some parts of Derbyshire when heard hooting in the night-time as a harbinger of misfortune to those who heard it. Few there were who ever saw the bird, and when one was caught it was taken round to the houses as a curiosity. Seldom were they killed, but were "let go" to take their chance, particularly if the bird caught was a young one. An owl's hoot was an uncanny sound, particularly if near a house, and there were many who would not go along a wood-path at night for fear of seeing the yellow light from its eyes or hearing the sound of its voice. There was a very common name for this bird—"padge owlet"—which I never rightly understood in relation to the bird, unless in the sense of "padge" as meaning awkward or unwieldy, for people spoke of things which did not move smoothly as being "padgy." Other names for an owl were "angels" and "cherobins," "oolets" and "barn-door oolits." While people were to some extent afraid of the birds, they were quite welcome neighbours, for it was well understood that they cleared away mice and kept down rats. Old barns made good nesting-places, and though but seldom seen, it was always well known when the birds had taken possession of a barn; hence probably the name "barn-door owl."—THOMAS RATCLIFFE.

THE FALLS OF TUMMEL.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Referring to the interesting article on the new salmon pass at the Falls of Tummel in your issue of December 17th, illustrated by a view of the falls in low water, I have pleasure in submitting to you a photograph of the same falls during an autumn spate, which I hope may be of sufficient interest for insertion in COUNTRY LIFE. It will be seen that, owing to the immense volume of water coming down, the height of the falls is greatly diminished and they are practically changed into a swirl of broken water.—H. W. BURNUP.



A CABIN IN THE NORTH-WEST.



THE FALLS OF TUMMEL DURING AN AUTUMN SPATE.

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